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A DESCRIPTION of the Giants, Science and History, as the records of the early world have presented them to us, is the subject to which the volumes are devoted that bear the not inappropriate title transcribed above. With infinite diligence, diving into hundreds of antiquated tomes that are consigned to an honourable oblivion upon the shelves of the British Museum and of Sion College, the Rev. H. CHRISTMAS has gathered together a mass of curious material to illustrate his interesting subject, the like of which we have not seen, save in the works of the elder D'ISRAELI, or the grubbings that SOUTHEY so strangely commingled in *The Doctor*. But the industry that enabled him to consult more than five hundred volumes is the least part of the author's merit. He has put his materials together in a manner the most artistic, and woven them into a narrative that has more than the interest of a romance, while being a veritable contribution to the stores alike of history and of mental philosophy, for although we have classed this work among the former, it is with some hesitation, as it certainly belongs in almost equal degree to the latter.

"The subjects of which these volumes treat," says Mr. CHRISTMAS in his preface, "chiefly belong to the past; we shall see the Twin Giants in their cradle; we shall note the might of those serpents which would fain have destroyed them; we shall watch the rising energies of truth; and close the scene by fixing our eyes on the last faint struggles of its opponents."

The author observes, as the result of his investigations, the fact that, precisely in proportion as a subject approaches the character of pneumatology, it becomes less philosophical in spirit. Astrology is less scientific than magic; magic less so than alchemy. So it is at this day, and so it must be until philosophers will consent to employ in the investigation of mind the same process which they have so successfully employed in the investigation of matter, namely, observation and experiment first, and then theory deduced from the facts thus ascertained, whereas, they still persist in treating of mind by hypothesis in the first instance, and then, of course, there follows the inevitable tendency to twist and colour facts so as to make them assort with the theory.

This work has another claim to respect beyond its curious and valuable records of the infancy of Science and History; Mr. CHRISTMAS has embellished it throughout with remarks upon the facts he narrates, suggested by the largest and most liberal spirit of the true philosopher. He is not one of those shallow persons who despatch a difficulty by summarily pronouncing it to be a fabrication or imposture. He has found that certain alleged strange facts were confidently believed, not by one, or two, or a few ignorant or interested partisans, but by impartial and intelligent spectators who had opportunities for investigating them, and every motive to induce them to detect imposture, if they could. Mr. CHRISTMAS, therefore, deems it much more rational, and in accordance with common sense, to look into the story, and see if it is capable of explanation according to some known laws of nature, rather than to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, that it was a fraud, a forgery, or a lie.

So, while being a valuable contribution to history and philosophy, this is not less an amusing book, which will delight the general reader; which has more than the attractions of a romance, and, therefore, peculiarly a book-club book, and even adapted for circulating libraries, unless wisdom and instruction being combined with entertainment is an objection to these latter. A few specimens will suffice to prove this, but we shall probably return again to volumes that have so much to recommend them.

The following will show how ably the author employs his own judgment:

THE RICHES OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS
ATTRIBUTED TO ALCHEMY.

The late Sir William Drummond thought proper to write, and the editors of the *Classical Journal* to insert, an elaborate defence of Egyptian Alchemy. For the purpose above mentioned we shall condense the argument he offers into as short a space as possible. After asserting that the ancient Egyptians could not have possessed gold by any of the ordinary modes, inasmuch as they had no mines, and were not addicted to commerce, he alludes to the vast buildings which they erected, the magnificent public works which they constructed, the Labyrinth, the lake Moeris, the Pyramids, and finally he mentions the tomb of Osymandias, the golden circle in which he values at 14,000,000*l.* sterling. He quotes the passage of Herodotus, in which it is stated that the charge for onions and garlic furnished to the labourers on the Pyramid amounted to sixteen hundred silver talents, i. e. to about 600,000*l.* sterling. "Gold," observes he, "was so plentiful, that the hunter formed his weapons, and the labourer his tools of this precious metal." After noticing the great hatred with which the Egyptians regarded Cambyses and his Persian followers, he states that the priests, who alone possessed the power of making gold, concealed their knowledge, till the accession of the House of Lagus, when they again made known their scientific knowledge. Athenæus is quoted to prove that at a certain festival held by Ptolemy Philadelphus, so much gold was displayed, that its value cannot be estimated at less than 200,000,000*l.* sterling; these are the assumed facts upon which a defence of alchemy is founded, and such are the arguments by which it is supported. Now, to say nothing of the inconsistency of making a continuous narrative from the works of authors of various degrees of credibility, by rejecting the more credible, and adopting the statement of the less; setting aside the eye-witness and taking the tradition of a comparatively late writer, it may be observed first, that as to the means by which the inhabitants of Egypt obtained gold, they had mines, and the vestiges of them exist to this day; next, that with regard to the lake Moeris, many learned men deny that it ever existed; and that as to the circle, or rather planisphere of gold over the tomb of Osymandias, Herodotus says nothing about it, and it is very unlikely that so magnificent a monument of Egyptian greatness would have been unnoticed by him, and unmentioned to him, if even the memory of it had subsisted in his time. But the argument derived from the Pyramids is curious. Herodotus does speak of the way in which Cheops raised money to build the great Pyramid, and the account is too absurd to deserve a moment's credit; nor does it appear that the historian himself believed it; but as to the onions and the garlic, the charge is almost ridiculously small; these vegetables were the favourite refreshment of the people, and supported them during their hard labour in that sultry climate by their stimulating qualities.

Let us suppose 360,000 men employed for thirty years in England on public works, and by a master who could make gold *ad libitum*. It would not be thought much that a person so situated should allow each man eight pence per diem for beer, tobacco, and spirits; this would amount to 131,400,000*l.* sterling; whereas the refreshments afforded to the Egyptian labourers amounted to somewhat less than one farthing per day among seven men; and as Herodotus states that the charges for other necessaries amounted to about as much more, we have one penny as the cost of food, clothing, tools, and refreshment for fourteen men for a day; these men, too, were compelled to the work in defiance of the law, and against their own inclination, a circumstance which of

itself is sufficient to show how hard was the labour and how small the remuneration. But the whole account of Herodotus goes to show that the Egyptian monarchs laboured under the malady of an exhausted exchequer, and the singular story of Rhampsinitus is peculiarly in point. This prince was richer than any of his predecessors (of whom Osymandias was one), and none of his successors could ever equal him in this respect. If they made their own gold it would have depended upon themselves, yet we are told that his treasures were so sensibly diminished by three visits of a robber—one man—that he began to tremble for the rest. The testimony of Athenæus may be passed over without comment. So much space would not have been allotted to these arguments were they not the best by which alchemy has been *historically* supported; even these are not much better than *Boricus*' syllogism, that because the ancient Egyptians hatched eggs in ovens, they therefore possessed the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine.

Here is a specimen of his painstaking in the perusal of books upon which few would adventure:

ANALYSIS OF KING JAMES THE FIRST'S DEMONOLOGY.

King James the First's Demonology is divided into three books, and is written in the form of a dialogue between two persons, called respectively, Philomathes and Epistemon. In the preface his majesty very stoutly abuses those who differ from his royal judgment. He writes, he says, "principally against the damnable opinions of two, principally in this age, whereof the one called Scott (our old friend Reginald) is not ashamed in print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft, and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits; the other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafty folks, whereby procuring for them impunity. He plainly betrays that he hath been one of that profession; and for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided in three books,—the first speaking of Magic in general, and of Necromancy in special; the second, of Sorcery and Witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appear and trouble persons, together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said. The one, that such devilish arts have been, and are. The second, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit." He takes leave of his readers in these words:—"And so, wishing my pains in this treatise, beloved reader, to be effectual in arming all them that read the same against these above-mentioned errors, and recommending my good will to thy friendly acceptance. I bid thee heartily farewell. JAMES R." Then, in the first chapter, he discourses about the woman of Endor. "As to the next, that it was not the spirit of Samuel, I grant, in the proving whereof ye need not to insist, since all Christians of whatsoever religion agree upon that, and none but mere ignorant, or witches, or necromancers, doubts thereof; but that the devil is permitted sometimes to put himself in the likeness of the saints is plain in the Scriptures, where it is said, that Satan doth transform himself into an angel of light."

In the second chapter he declares that Magic is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and then proceeds to divide the "unhappy art" into two branches, "whereof one is called Magic or Necromancy, the other Sorcery or Witchcraft." In the third chapter he distinguishes between them thus:—"Surely the difference the vulgar put between them is very merry, and in a manner true, for they say that the witches are servants only, and slaves to the devil; but the necromancers are his masters and commanders." In the fourth chapter he states Astrology to be the root of Physiognomy, and all kinds of divination.

In the fifth chapter he says, speaking of conjuration, "Two principal things cannot well in that case be wanting,—holy water (whereby the devil mocks the papists), and the present of some living thing unto him. There are likewise certain seasons, days, and hours, that they observe in this purpose. These things being all ready and prepared, circles are made, triangular, quadrangular, round, double, or single, according to the form of apparition they may crave. But to speak of the divers forms of the circles; of the innumerable

characters and crosses that are within and without, and out through the same; of the divers forms of apparitions that the crafty spirit illudes them with; and of all such particulars in that action, I remit it to over many that have busied their heads in describing the same, as being but curious, and altogether unprofitable. And thus far only I touch, that when the conjured spirit appears, which will not be while many circumstances, long prayers, and much muttering and mummerly of the conjurors, like a papist priest despatching a hunting mass. How soon I say he appears if they have missed one iota of all their rites, or if any of their feet once slide over the circle, through terror of his fearful apparition, he pays himself at that time in his own hand of that due debt which they owe him, and otherwise would have delayed longer to pay him. I mean, he carries them with him body and soul. If this be not now a just cause to make them weary of these forms of conjuration, I leave it to you to judge, upon considering the lonesomeness of the labour, the precise keeping of days and hours, as I have said, the terrible-ness of the apparition, and the present peril they stand in in missing the least circumstance or freite that they ought to observe; and, on the other part, the devil is glad to move them to a plain and square dealing with him, as I said before."

But the most important chapter is that which concludes the treatise, viz., the sixth of the third book, that is intitled, "Of the trial and punishment of witches. What sort of accusation might be admitted against them. What is the cause of their increasing so far of their number in this age?" Then says

"Philomathes. To make an end of our conference, since it draws late, what form of punishment think ye merit these magicians and witches, for I see ye account them to be all alike guilty?"

"Epistemon. They ought to be put to death, according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal laws of all Christian nations."

"P. But, what kind of death, I pray you?"

"E. It is commonly used by fire; but that is an indifferent thing, to be used in every country according to the law or custom thereof."

"P. But, ought no sex, age, nor rank, to be excepted?"

"E. None at all, being so used by the lawful magistrate; for it is the highest point of idolatry, wherein no exception is admitted by the law of God."

"P. Then bairns may not be spared?"

"E. Yea; not a hair the less of my conclusion, for they are no that capable of reason as to practise such things; and for any being in a company, and not revealing thereof, their less and ignorant age will no doubt excuse them."

"P. I see ye condemn them all that are of the counsel of such crafts."

"E. No doubt: for, as I said, speaking of Magic, the consultants, trusters in overseers, entertainers, and stirrers up of these craftfolks are equally guilty of that craft with themselves that are the practisers."

"P. Whether may the prince, then, or supreme magistrate spare, or oversee, any that are guilty of this craft, upon some great respects known to him?"

"E. The prince, or magistrate, for further trial's cause, may continue the punishing them such a certain space as he thinks convenient; but, in the end, to spare the life, and not to strike when God bids strike, and so severely to punish in so odious a fault and treason against God, is not only unlawful, but is doubtless so much so in that magistrate, as it was in Saul's sparing Agag, and so comparable to the sin of witchcraft itself."

"P. Surely, then, I think, since this crime ought to be so severely punished, judges ought to beware to condemn any but such as they are sure are guilty; neither should the clattering report of a carling serve on so weighty a case."

"E. Judges ought, indeed, to beware whom they condemn; for it is as great a crime, as Solomon saith, to condemn the innocent, as to let the guilty escape free; neither ought the report of any one infamous person be admitted as sufficient proof, which can stand of no law."

"P. And what may then a number of guilty persons' confessions work against one that is accused?"

"E. The assize must serve for interpreter of our law in that respect. But, in my opinion, since, in a

matter of treason against the prince, bairns, or wives, or never so defamed persons, may of our law serve for sufficient witnesses and proofs, I think surely that by a far greater reason such witnesses may be sufficient in matters of treason against God; for who but witches can be proofs, and so witnesses of the doings of witches?"

"P. Indeed, I trow they will be loth to put any honest man upon their counsel. But, what if they accuse folks to have been present at their imaginary conventions in the spirit when their bodies be senseless, as ye have said?"

"E. I think they are not a hair the less guilty, for the devil durst never have borrowed their shadows or similitudes to such a turn, if their consent had not been at it, and the consent in these times is death of the law."

"P. Then Samuel was a witch; for the devil resembled his shape and played his person in giving response to Saul."

"E. Samuel was dead as well before that, so that no one can slander him with meddling with that unlawful act. For the cause why, as I take it, that God will not permit Satan to use the shapes or similitudes of any innocent persons at such unlawful times, is that God will not permit that any innocent person should be slandered with that vile defection; for then the devil would find ways enow to calumniate the best, and this we have on proof by them that are carried away with the Phairie, who never saw the shadows of any in that court, but of them that thereafter are tried to have been brethren and sisters of that craft. And this was likewise proved by the confession of a young lass troubled with spirits, laid on her by witchcraft, that although she saw the shapes of divers men and women troubling her, and naming the persons whom those shadows represent, yet never one of them are found to be innocent, but all clearly tried to be most guilty, and for the most part confessing the same; and besides this, I think it hath seldom been heard tell of that any whom persons guilty of that crime accused, as having been known to them to be their marrows by eye-sight and not by hearsay; but such as were so accused of witchcraft could not be clearly tried upon them, men at least publicly known to be of very evil life and reputation. So jealous is God, I say, of the fame of them that are innocent on such causes, and besides that, there are two other good helps which may be used for their weal—one is the finding their marks, and the trying the unsensibleness thereof—the other is their floating on the water—for as in a secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out with blood as if the blood were crying out to Heaven to be avenged on the murderer. God having appointed that secret supernatural sign for trial of that secret unnatural crime, so it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water should refuse to receive those in their bosom who have shaken off the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof. No not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears. Threaten and torture them so much as ever you will while first they repent, God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacy in so horrible a crime; albeit the women-kind, liable specially at other times to shed tears at every light occasion, when they will, yea, although it were dissemblingly, like the crocodiles."

"P. Well, we have made this conference to last as long as leisure would permit, and to conclude, then, since I am to take my leave of you, I pray God to purge this country of these devilish practices, for they were never so rife in these parts as they are now."

"E. I pray God that so be, too, but the causes are over-manifest that make them to be so rife; for the great wickedness of the people, on the one part, procures this horrible defection, whereby God justly punisheth some by a greater iniquity, and, on the other part, the consummation of the world and our deliverance drawing near, make Satan to urge the more in his instruments, knowing his kingdom to be so near an end. And now farewell to this time."

Mr. CHRISTMAS, instead of ridiculing Mesmerism, declares that he durst not resist the accumulated evidence in its favour, and he prefers rather to seek some natural solution of it. Thus sensibly does he allude to

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The only real difficulties with regard to the reception

of Mesmerism as a whole, are those which attend the phenomena of clairvoyance, nor are these so great as they are usually supposed to be. If I may, by means of one fluid (light) be made sensible of that which takes place in a room separated from me by a partition of glass, and I call this sight—by the vibration of another fluid (air)—of that which takes place in a room separated from me by a partition of wood, and I call this hearing,—why may I not attain a similar knowledge through the action of another fluid, and call it clairvoyance?

The interposition of solid bodies is no necessary impediment, as we have seen, in the cases already adduced. Distance is no hinderance, as we see daily by the action of the electric telegraph; and however wonderful, therefore, may be those cases of clairvoyance denominated "mental travelling," there is nothing which need strike us as in any high degree improbable. Intuition is still less so, and the only cases which require any strong effort of faith are those in which predictions are made concerning the future, or in which a person, previously ignorant, becomes suddenly versed in languages, or enabled to talk technically on scientific subjects. But if from these we subtract cases of absolute imposture—and these it must be admitted are not a few—the remainder will be ranged under three heads. First, it will be found that there are patients in the mesmeric state whose faculties are so much sharpened that they are enabled to judge of probabilities much more accurately than when in their normal condition, and may be reasonably supposed able to predict with some degree of accuracy events occurring to such well known rules, as the crises of disease; and these are the usual subjects of mesmeric predictions.

Secondly, persons who have heard scientific subjects discussed, and not understanding them at the time, have forgotten all about them; the sounds then heard, and not understood, may now rush back on the memory, and be accurately repeated; such was the case with the servant girl of whom Coleridge speaks, and who astonished a whole household by her sleep-walking recitations of rabbinical Hebrew. Other instances may occur in which knowledge, once possessed and digested, has lain for many years dormant, or, as we say, has been *forgotten*, but when the mesmeric state is induced, it once more claims its place in the catalogue of remembered things.

Thirdly, cases in which thought may be actually transmitted from mind to mind, without the intervention of speech. We know too little of the inner life and nature of man's spirit to be able to theorize on a subject so difficult as this, but the tenor of experiment induces us to believe in its possibility.

If these three classes of clairvoyance be carefully considered, they will be found to contain nearly, if not the whole of those cases which appear at first superhuman; and as the records of other experiments than those of Mesmerism exhibit the same phenomena, it is surely unjust, and unphilosophical to deny their existence, when they occur in the course of mesmeric practice. The opinions of those who refer all the wonders of which we have spoken to Satanic influence, prove that they must surely have very unorthodox views of Satan's character and purpose, if they suppose him lending himself to good men and employing his power to cure disease and alleviate suffering.

In the chapter on Apparitions he introduces

A NEW GHOST STORY.

One more ghost story, and we have done. The story which we are about to relate was told the writer by an intimate friend, a graduate of Cambridge, and he had it from his brother, a post-captain in the navy, and the hero of the tale. Captain S— was once appointed to the command of a tender, not at the time, it seems, in much employment, and he had only about a dozen men with him, he being the only officer. The ship was an old ninety-gun ship, and being no longer in active service, was painted entirely black: at the same time her guns, stores, and crew being taken out of her, she drew but little water, and made a figure at once dismal and colossal. Figure to yourself so small a crew in so huge and desolate a vessel, anchored ten miles from a shore where nothing but reeds and marshes were to be seen, and during weather, wet, foggy, and squally. Captain S— had abundance of time to meditate; and among other subjects which his situation forced upon him was the number of wild legends connected with the

old ship he now commanded. She had cruised in the West Indies during the reign of the buccancers. Scenes of bloodshed and wild revelry had been witnessed on and between her decks. She had been laden with Spanish gold, and her crews had sent to their last accounts hundreds of pirates. In short, she was a haunted ship. Tradition, whatever is said for their bravery, had but little to speak for the good conduct, in other respects, of her once occupants; and it was said, that execrations long obsolete sometimes startled the ears of the living between her decks. Save the captain's apartments, all the bulk-heads were cleared away, and the view was fully suited to the ship, the season, and the station. For some nights all went off very well, though Captain S— thought there certainly were very strange and very loud noises; but at last these became more and more distinct, and formed themselves before long into the noise and din of a tumultuous assembly in the midshipman's berth. The rattling of glasses and bottles, the spilling of liquor, oaths and songs of a past period, were to be heard with a fearful distinctness, till at length the tumult of quarrel succeeded to the tumult of intoxication, and the clashing of daggers, mingled with discourse such as in the present day is rarely heard, even at sea. Night after night this continued, and continued to increase, till one night Captain S— heard a low, suppressed, but inexpressible bitter laugh, and then marked a stealthy step coming round towards the door of his cabin; step after step he counted as it drew near, and then the handle of his door was violently shaken. Captain S— was a man whose bravery had been too often tried to be supposed very subject to the influence of fear, but he acknowledged that his heart beat now quicker than usual: he leaped from his cot, drew his sabre, and approached the door; again the same bitter suppressed laugh was heard, and again the door handle was shaken. Captain S— now suddenly flung open the door, and cut furiously about him, but nothing was to be seen; and the moon was shining between the decks, so that he could see from one end of the ship to the other. Struck with a shivering awe he returned to bed, but no sooner was the door closed than a long bitter peal of the most deriding laughter was raised from the scene of the former revelry. After this he never heard any more, but was soon, to his great joy, appointed to a frigate. This story probably owes much to the powerful and excited imagination of the captain. It certainly owes not a little to the imagination of my friend, and his exquisite mode of telling it; and, as I before remarked, we are not acquainted with any of the attendant circumstances, and, consequently, not at all qualified to judge. It must be admitted, that a haunted ship is a yet more fearfully wild and desolate subject for fancy than a haunted house, or even a haunted castle.

The chapter on Ecclesiastical Romance will be new to most readers. The gleanings from the old monkish chroniclers are extremely curious, and the author has drawn copiously for his materials from the Lives of the Saints. For instance, these are the

RECOLLECTIONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. CUTHBERT.

The legends related by Bede of St. Cuthbert, rival in absurdity those told of Anthony by Jerome. "While yet a child, he was," says his venerable biographer, "just like another child, fond of sport and games,"—how different to St. Nicholas!—"thus he continued till the age of eight years; when a little child, about three years old, showed him how great things he should do, and how holy a bishop he should be. Thereupon, Cuthbert, by way of further warning, was afflicted by a boil in his knee; which was shortly afterwards cured by an angel. He now went and engaged himself as a shepherd; and one night, while watching his flock, he saw the soul of St. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, borne up to heaven on the wings of angels. And he watched till the heaven opened, and received the train out of sight. This glorious revelation determined him to a monastic life; and he accordingly set out for the abbey of Melrose. On his way he abstained from food, because it happened to be Friday; and having ridden hard all day, took up his abode for the night in a forsaken cabin. Here there was neither bread for himself, nor hay for his horse; but the angels, as we shall see by-and-by, seemed to have a standing order not to let Cuthbert

starve; and accordingly we find more miracles in the commissariat department, attributed to St. Cuthbert, than to any other saint in the calendar.

In the present case, his horse pulling down some thatch for his own supper, drew out a cloth which contained a very satisfactory provision for his master. In the cloth was half a loaf, hot, and a sufficient portion of meat. It was a rather singular coincidence that on his arrival at Melrose the abbot seemed to have some intuitive perception of the point in which Cuthbert's genius lay. He sent him to a dependent monastery to purvey provisions, and to receive and entertain strangers. Here, like Abraham and Lot, he entertained angels unawares; one of whom made the saint a characteristic present of three milk-white loaves of a most sweet odour. These loaves had, it seems, the singular property of making the eater talk about himself, his gifts, and his graces,—in excuse for which Bede pleads the example of the Apostle Paul. St. Cuthbert soon returned to Melrose, and undertook several missionary expeditions among his Pictish neighbours. On one of these excursions he and his party were weather-bound in a creek, and their provisions began to run short; but St. Cuthbert, who for these expeditions had been miraculously cured of the plague, was a person very little likely to let his companions suffer from hunger. He well knew that it formed no part of the scheme of Providence that he should perish in that way. Leading them, therefore, to a bank, he prayed for direction in these difficulties; and when their devotions were finished, told them to dig under the bank; and there they found, wrapped in a cloth again, three pieces of dolphin's flesh, ready cut to be boiled. With this they satisfied their appetite, and then changed their prayers into praises.

The next incident in this Saint's career was, that going on a journey in company with a little boy,—the latter began to cry because there was no food. Cuthbert was accustomed to this kind of thing. "See you that eagle?" said he to his young companion, as they wound along the serpentine course of the river,—"by that eagle shall our necessities be relieved." And so it happened; for that eagle, striking a fish, brought it and laid it on the ground before Cuthbert, who generously divided it,—leaving one half for the eagle; and with the remainder made a meal for himself and the child. We now find him raising the dead, healing the sick, and casting out devils; then reforming the monks of Lindisfarne; then ejecting the devils from the little island of Farne, where he lived a solitary life in a mud cottage. Here he obtained a spring by a miracle, in imitation of Moses and St. Benedict; was miraculously fed with bread and flesh, in imitation of Elijah and St. Paul the hermit; and the corn which he sowed was miraculously preserved from the birds. The crows, indeed, exhibited a deplorably hard and reprobate spirit; for they even attempted to tear the thatch off his cottage, probably instigated thereto by the ejected devils. Cuthbert gravely rebuked them; and they mended their manners forthwith. Nay, the venerable biographer assures us that "one came to the holy man, who, lamentably spreading her wings abroad, seemed by all signs possible to entreat pardon," which the Saint granted, and gave her leave to return. She presently did so, bringing with her a mate, and for a present to the Saint "a hog's grease," which the holy man was wont afterwards to show to the monks his brethren; and to give them part of it to grease their boots and shoes. In commanding the services of the crows, St. Cuthbert did as St. Benedict had done before him.

From this time, till many centuries after his death, the Saint was always making use of his miraculous gifts. The very elements were subject to him, and the devils trembled at the sound of his name. He was made Bishop of Lindisfarne; but he soon relinquished this high station to enjoy once more his beloved solitude. Here he died; here he was buried, and here it was that pilgrims came to be healed of their diseases by his wonder-working relics. His shoes, greased as they were with the miraculous fat, were a sovereign cure for palsy; his cloak for dysentery. For many years he rested in peace; but when the Danes invaded England, the monks of Lindisfarne fled, taking with them the body of their canonized Bishop, as their greatest treasure. Wandering about from place to place with their Bishop Edrid at their head, and finding no opportunity of establishing themselves in England, they resolved to pass over into Ireland. Two miracles occurred during

the progress of this attempt. The water that dashed over the ship became red as blood; and when they were driven back by a storm to the English coast, while they were yet about three miles distant, a book of the Gospels fell overboard. The sea immediately retired, so that the book was taken up uninjured. The wanderers at length settled with their precious burden at Cumacestre; but from thence, after an hundred and thirteen years, they were driven by a new invasion of the Danes. At last, while on their passage back to Lindisfarne, the body of the Saint became immovably fixed near Durham; nor could it be removed, till it was revealed that at Durham it should finally rest. This was done; a magnificent church was built, and the see removed from Lindisfarne to the city which soon sprung up about the new cathedral.

Here we must reluctantly part from Mr. CHRISTMAS, at least for the present.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England from the Norman Conquest to the Death of Lord Mansfield. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL. In 2 vols. London: Murray.

WHETHER it be the lesser public interest and importance attaching to the subjects of his biographies, or from the proverbial inferiority of continuations, or from the greater speed which authors, like other hacks, put forth as they approach the end of their journey, and consequent slovenliness in the workmanship, certain it is that LORD CAMPBELL'S *Lives of the Chief Justices* does not equal, either in attractiveness for present reading, or in substantial merit as a contribution to our permanent literature, his famous *Lives of the Chancellors*. Perhaps it is due to a combination of all these causes; for the life of a Judge is commonly as uneventful as any existence in high places can be. Indeed, to be made a Judge is deemed to be a sort of honourable retirement from the active cares and struggles of life. The goal is won; the prize is secured; the toil of years is crowned with the success so dearly bought. Filling the most universally respected post in the whole social system,—the only one, in fact, not subject to the acerbities of faction, the whispers of jealousy, the frowns of the great, or the fickleness of the multitude, the Judge enjoys the calmest evening which this troublous world could permit to any mortal, with just so much of occupation as to keep his intellect active and to prevent the mind from falling into that fatal inactivity which, after the sudden withdrawal of the stimulus of business, is as deadly as positive disease.

Hence it is that a series of lives of all the Judges would be a tedious and monotonous work. LORD CAMPBELL, conscious of this, has, with his usual tact, preferred to select from the judicial corps for the subjects of his portraiture, and he has chosen the Chief Justices, for an obvious reason. They alone of the Judges are permitted to be something more than Judges. They are politicians also. As Members of the House of Lords they occupy a place, more or less prominent, in the history of their times: they mingled with men of note whose histories form a part of their own, and moreover, as a general rule, they were selected for their high office on account of some personal qualities that recommended them beyond their fellows. Of course there are exceptions to this. We find among them, the earlier of them, men who have manifestly owed their elevation to court favour, or backstairs influences, or connexions, rather than to any merit of their own: but to the credit of

later English Governments, however, it must be admitted, that all of them, whether tory or whig, with but the rarest exceptions, have been wont to confer the great office upon those who, in greatness and goodness, were worthy of it.

LORD CAMPBELL, however, has *not* made the best of his fine subject. He has *not* treated it with that research which it demanded. He has produced a gossiping book, but not an historical work, as such a one should have been. There is an extraordinary absence of reference to authorities. It is not thoughtfully written; it bears upon it the stamp of book-making; it is just as if, having made a successful hit with the Chancellors, he had sought about for a topic for another book which might sail into popularity and profit upon the propitious gale already raised, and having found a cognate theme, had set to work upon it, not because he was full of it, but because it offered itself to him.

The series closes with the life of LORD MANSFIELD, for a curious reason. He says that he had intended to add the lives of LORDS KENYON, ELLENBOROUGH and TENTERDEN, but that many friends of the first are still living, and he had himself practised before the two latter. But he hints that, either he has written or contemplates writing them, leaving them to be given to the world when there shall be no risk of hurting, by any freedom of observation, the feelings of friends and relatives. This reason may be sufficient, but then why did he write and publish the lives of LORDS ERSKINE and ELDON?

It is also amusing to observe the sort of supercilious manner in which LORD CAMPBELL, who has risen from the lowest rank by his own industry, speaks of puisne Judges and such like inferior persons. He is amazed that Mr. Attorney-General RAYMOND should accept a puisne Judgeship of the Queen's Bench. "There never before had been an instance," he says, "of an Attorney-General accepting a puisne Judgeship, and hardly any of his condescending even to become Chief Baron of the Exchequer." Is this a reflection or a prophetic hint?

Certainly some of the earlier Chief Justices were great rogues. The first name in the catalogue was as bad as any of the culprits he hanged. TRESILIAN was himself hanged for his crimes. The famous GASCOIGNE was no better than he should be. BILLING is memorable for having condemned a man for a pun, and quartered him too. One Walter Walker kept an inn with the sign of *The Crown*. He one day said to his son, in jocular mood, "Tom, if thou behavest thyself well, I will make thee heir to *The Crown*." For this wretched joke he was charged with treason. There was no other evidence against him; but Mr. Justice BILLING, with grave face, thus ruled:—

"That upon the just construction of the Statute of Treasons, which was only declaratory of the common law, there was no necessity, in supporting such a charge, to prove a design to take away the natural life of the King; that anything showing a disposition to touch his royal state and dignity was sufficient; and that the words proved were inconsistent with that reverence for the hereditary descent of the Crown which was due from every subject under the oath of allegiance; therefore, if the jury believed the witness, about which there could be no doubt, as the prisoner did not venture to deny the treasonable language which he had used, they were bound to find him guilty."

A verdict of guilty was accordingly returned, and the poor publican was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

MONTAGUE is the next notable Chief Justice.

He crawled into place by doing any dirty work the Court wanted. Like many ambitious lawyers in later times, he began life in opposition, as the most ready means of obtaining notoriety, and prepared to sell himself when he had proved his value. This was his *début*:

Enterprising lawyers now began to get on by politics; and when a Parliament was summoned in 1532, Montague contrived to be returned as a member of the House of Commons. But this speculation had nearly ended fatally to him. Like Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon, he indiscreetly made a maiden speech against granting a supply. This was the Parliament in which Sir Thomas More was chosen speaker, and in which Wolsey had gone down to the House of Commons to complain of the tardy progress of the money bill. Montague, thinking that he had found a favourable opportunity for his *début*, made a violent harangue on the breach of privilege which had been committed. But the next day he was sent for by the king, who thus addressed him:—"Oh! will they not let my bill pass?" The young patriot, in a great fright, knelt down; when Henry, laying his hand on his head, added, "Get my bill to pass by twelve of the clock to-morrow, or else by two of the clock to-morrow this head of yours shall be off." In an instant was Montague cured of his public spirit, and he became a steady courtier for the rest of his days.

And when he *was* hired he thus played his part:

When Anne of Cleves was to be divorced because her person after marriage was found not agreeable, and the king declared that, in going through the marriage ceremony, he had never in his own mind, given his consent to the marriage, the chief justice was obliged to give an opinion that the marriage had not been duly contracted and ought to be declared null. When Cromwell, for negotiating this marriage, and deceiving the king as to the lady's personal charms, was to lose his head, the chief justice was obliged to certify to the House of Lords that innocent acts which he had done with the king's authority amounted to treason, and afforded sufficient ground for passing a bill of attainder against him. When Queen Catherine Howard, who certainly had been guilty of incontinence before her marriage, but against whom there was no sufficient evidence of such misconduct afterwards as would subject her to the pains of treason, was to be put to death because she had deceived the king in persuading him that she had come a virgin to his arms, the chief justice was obliged to answer in the affirmative a question submitted to him, "whether, as the accused party was a queen, the law would infer that she had committed adultery, from facts which in the case of a common person would afford no such inference?" This last affair seems to have weighed heavily on his mind; he thenceforth openly declared that he was tired of his dignity, and he even talked of resigning it and retiring into private life. But he was tempted to remain by large grants of abbey lands. An apologist says, "In his time, though the golden showers of abbey lands rained amongst great men, it was long before he would open his lap (scrupling the acceptance of such gifts), and at last received but little in proportion to others of that age." This very graphically delineates his character. He would much rather have gained all his objects by honourable means,—but he could not resist temptation, although sin was followed by remorse. In truth, he partook very largely of the spoils of the church, and, in spite of his unhappiness, he was reluctant to renounce not only the emoluments of office, but the chance of further aggrandisement.

WRAY was the next in succession, and he was no better. Then came POPHAM, who had been in his youth a *highwayman*! He was born in Somerset, and his early history is curious:

While yet a child he was stolen by a band of gipsies, and remained some months in their society; whence some pretended to account for the irregular habits and little respect for the rules of property which afterwards marked one period of his life. His captors had disfigured him, and had burnt on his left arm a cabalistic mark which he carried with him to the grave. But

his constitution, which had been sickly before, was strengthened by the wandering life he had led with these lawless associates, and he grew up to be a man of extraordinary stature and activity of body. We have no account of his schooling before he was sent to Balliol College, Oxford. Here he was very studious and well-behaved, and he laid in a good stock of classical learning and of dogmatic divinity. But when removed to the Middle Temple, that he might qualify himself for the profession of the law, he got into bad company, and utterly neglected his juridical studies. He preferred theatres, gaming-houses, and other haunts of dissipation, to "readings" and "moots;" and once, when asked to accompany a friend to hear an important case argued by great lawyers in Westminster Hall, he declared that "he was going where he would see disputants whom he honoured more—to a bear-baiting in Alsatia." Unfortunately, this was not, as in a subsequent age, in the case of young Holt, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, merely a temporary neglect of discipline—"a sowing of his wild oats." It seems to stand on undoubted testimony, that at this period of his life, besides being given to drinking and gaming—either to supply his profligate expenditure, or to show his spirit, he frequently sallied forth at night from a hostel in Southwark, with a band of desperate characters, and that, planting themselves in ambush on Shooter's Hill, or taking other positions favourable for attack and escape, they stopped travellers, and took from them not only their money, but any valuable commodities which they carried with them,—boasting that they were always civil and generous, and that, to avoid serious consequences, they went in such numbers as to render resistance impossible.

AUBREY gives the following account of him:

For several years he addicted himself but little to the studie of the lawes, but profligate company, and was wont to take a purse with them. His wife considered her and his condition, and at last prevailed with him to lead another life and to stick to the studie of the lawe, which, upon her importunity, he did, being then about thirtieth years old. He spake to his wife to provide a very good entertainment for his camerades to take his leave of them, and after that day fell extremely hard to his studie, and profited exceedingly. He was a strong, stout man, and could endure to sit at it day and night; became eminent in his calling, had good practice, was called to be a sergeant and a judge.

His industry was rewarded. He rose with great rapidity. In 1571 he was made Sergeant; in 1581 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and almost immediately afterwards Attorney-General. He was appointed Chief Justice in 1592, and, as is usual with reformed rogues, he was most severe in his punishment of roguery, the result probably of the impulse such persons always have to prove by excess of zeal that they have really put off the offending ADAM, or just as a renegade is the most violent opponent of those he has quitted. He was called "the hanging Judge," a name which, it will be remembered, was given to Justice JAMES ALLEN PARKE, about twenty years since.

Nothing of interest will detain us in the lives of HEATH, BRAMSTON, LEY, and HYDE. Of RICHARDSON, we may extract one reminiscence; his sentence on PRYNNE, a curiosity in its way:

Lord Chief Justice Richardson showed no mercy to poor Prynne when prosecuted in the Star Chamber for publishing his *Historio-Mastix*, which inveighed against stage plays, music, dancing, hunting, and other amusements of the King and Queen:—

"My lords," said he, "since I have had the honour to attend this court, writing and printing of books, though sharply censured, doth grow daily worse and worse. Now, forsooth, every man taketh it upon him to understand everything according to his conceit, and thinks he is nobody except he be in print. We are troubled here with a book—a monster! 'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,' and I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the King's Majesty, a most pious and religious King—to the Queen's Majesty, a

most excellent and gracious Queen—such a one as this land never enjoyed the like—and I think the earth never had a better. I say eye never saw, nor ear ever heard, of such a scandalous and seditious thing as this misshapen monster is. What saith he in the Epistle Dedicatory, speaking of play books? 'They are printed on far better paper than most octavo and quarto bibles, which hardly find so good a vent as they.' This monster, this huge misshapen monster! I say it is nothing but lies and venom against all sorts of people. He doth not only condemn all play-writers, but all protectors of them, and all beholders of them, and all who dance, and all who sing;—they are all damned—and that no less than to hell. He asserts that 'dancing is the devil's profession,' that 'the woman who singeth is the priestess of the devil,' and that 'fiddlers are the minstrels of the devil.' I say this is a seditious libel. I protest unto your Lordships it maketh my heart to swell and my blood in my veins to boil, so cold as I am, to see this or anything attempted which may endanger my gracious Sovereign, or give displeasure to his Royal Consort. Not to hold your Lordships longer, it is a most wicked, infamous, scandalous, and seditious libel. Mr. Prynne, I must now come to your sentence, which makes me very sorry, for I have known you long, and now I must utterly forsake you; for I find you have forsaken God and his religion, and the allegiance you owe to both their Majesties and the rule of charity to all noble ladies in the kingdom."

He concluded by moving that the book should be burnt by the common hangman;—and that the author should be disbarred, degraded, from his academical degrees, set twice in the pillory, lose both his ears, be fined 5,000*l.*, and be imprisoned during life. This sentence was pronounced accordingly, and carried into rigorous execution.

FLEMING succeeded him, and owed his appointment to his harmlessness. He was "a mere lawyer," says Lord CAMPBELL, without character or will of his own, and therefore very fit to be a tool. His sudden death, however, happily introduced the great Lord COKE.

This is Lord CAMPBELL'S

CHARACTER OF COKE.

We now come to him who was pronounced by his contemporaries, and is still considered, the greatest oracle of our municipal jurisprudence,—who afforded a bright example of judicial independence,—and to whom we are indebted for one of the main pillars of our free constitution. Unfortunately, his mind was never opened to the contemplations of philosophy; he had no genuine taste for elegant literature; and his disposition was selfish, overbearing, and arrogant. From his odious defects, justice has hardly been done to his merits. Shocked by his narrow-minded reasoning, disgusted by his utter contempt for method and for style in his compositions, and sympathising with the individuals whom he insulted, we are apt to forget that, in the words of Lord Bacon, "without Sir Edward Coke the law by this time had been like a ship without ballast;" that when all the other judges basely succumbed to the mandate of a sovereign who wished to introduce despotism under the forms of juridical procedure, he did his duty at the sacrifice of his office, and that, in spite of the blandishments, the craft, and the violence of the Court of CHARLES I., he framed and he carried the PETITION OF RIGHT, which contained an ample recognition of the liberties of Englishmen,—which bore living witness against the lawless tyranny of the approaching government without Parliaments—which was appealed to with such success when Parliaments were resumed, and which, at the Revolution in 1688, was made the basis of the happy settlement then permanently established.

His devotion to the study of his profession was wonderful, and accounts for his amazing store of knowledge.

COKE'S STUDIES.

He now steadily persevered in a laborious course, of which, in our degenerate age, we can scarcely form a conception. Every morning he rose at three—in the winter season lighting his own fire. He read Bracton, Littleton, the Year Books, and the folio Abridgments of the Law, till the courts met at eight. He then went by water to Westminster, and heard cases argued till twelve, when pleas ceased for dinner. After a short

repast in the Inner Temple Hall, he attended "readings" or lectures in the afternoon, and then resumed his private studies till five, or supper-time. This meal being ended, the moots took place, when difficult questions of law were proposed and discussed,—if the weather was fine, in the garden by the river side; if it rained, in the covered walks near the Temple Church. Finally he shut himself up in his chamber, and worked at his common-place book, in which he inserted, under the proper heads, all the legal information he had collected during the day. When nine o'clock struck he retired to bed, that he might have an equal portion of sleep before and after midnight. The Globe and other theatres were rising into repute, but he never would appear at any of them; nor would he indulge in such unprofitable reading as the poems of Lord Surrey or Spenser. When Shakspeare and Ben Jonson came into such fashion, that even "sad apprentices of the law" occasionally assisted in masques, and wrote prologues, he most steadily eschewed all such amusements; and it is supposed that in the whole course of his life he never saw a play acted, or read a play, or was in company with a player!

(To be continued.)

Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Murray. 1849.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

After his rejection by the bishop, it became necessary for GOLDSMITH to look about for some other sphere of action, and accordingly he obtained a situation as tutor in the family of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He did not, however, remain long in this employment. Finding himself, on being paid off, in possession of the unheard-of sum of thirty pounds, he procured a good house, and without communicating his intentions to any of his friends, set off, as it would seem in search of adventures, to the no small discomfiture of his family. Weeks elapsed, and nothing was heard of him. At last, one day, he appeared at his mother's door in deplorable plight, all his money gone, and mounted on a sorry little pony, which he called Fiddleback, instead of the goodly steed upon which he had sallied forth. He drew up a humorous account of his adventures, or rather misadventures, with the view of pacifying his mother, who, not without cause, was much incensed against him. From this narrative it seems that he had proceeded to Cork, where he had sold his horse and made use of the purchase money to pay for his passage in a vessel bound for America. While waiting for a fair wind, he had gone with a party into the country, and on his return, found the ship had sailed. The rest of his money he had spent in amusing himself in Cork, leaving himself but five shillings to defray the expenses of his homeward journey—a distance of more than a hundred miles. But we must not stop to detail the rest of his adventures. Suffice it to say, he arrived at last, in the condition above described.

It was next determined that GOLDSMITH should study the law.

His uncle, Contarine, agreed to advance the necessary funds, and actually furnished him with fifty pounds, with which he set off for London, to enter on his studies at the Temple. Unfortunately, he fell in company at Dublin with a Roscommon acquaintance, one whose wits had been sharpened about town, who beguiled him into a gambling-house, and soon left him as penniless as when he bestrode the redoubtable Fiddleback. He was so ashamed of this fresh instance of gross heedlessness and imprudence, that he remained some time in Dublin without communicating to his friends his destitute condition. They heard of it, however, and he was invited back to the country, and indulgently forgiven by his generous uncle, but less readily by his mother, who was mortified and disheartened at seeing all her early hopes of him repeatedly blighted.

As he had already attempted divinity and law without success, it was decided that he should now try physic. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1752, he arrived in Edinburgh for the purpose of commencing his medical studies.

The outset in that city came near adding to the list of his indiscretion and disasters. Having taken lodgings at hap-hazard, he left his trunk there, containing all his worldly affairs, and sallied forth to see the town. After sauntering about the streets until a late hour, he thought of returning home, when, to his confusion, he found he had not acquainted himself with the name either of his landlady or of the street in which she lived. Fortunately, in the height of his whimsical perplexity he met the cawdy, or porter, who had carried his trunk, —and who now served him as a guide.

GOLDSMITH's career in Edinburgh much resembled that which had preceded it. He remained in Scotland two years, and gained greater distinction by his convivial talents than by his academical honours. The following is much to his credit and quite in character:

During his residence in Scotland his convivial talents gained him at one time attentions in a high quarter, which, however, he had the good sense to appreciate correctly: "I have spent," says he, in one of his letters, "more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's; but it seems they like me more as a jester than as a companion, so I disdained so servile an employment as unworthily my calling as a physician."

GOLDSMITH now prepared to finish his medical studies on the continent, his uncle CONTARINE promising the funds. His provisions for his continental tour were not on the most magnificent scale: "I shall carry just thirty-three pounds to France," said he, "with good store of clothes, shirts, &c., and that, with economy, will suffice." Such was the style in which poor GOLDSMITH "made his final sally upon the world," "little thinking," says Mr. IRVING, "when he penned his valedictory letter to his good uncle CONTARINE, that he was never to see him more; never to return after all his wandering to the friend of his infancy; never to revisit his early and fondly-remembered haunts at 'Sweet Lissoy' and Ballymahon."

After the usual imprudences, blunders, and misfortunes which invariably distinguished the outset of all his expeditions, GOLDSMITH at last arrived in Rotterdam, where he proceeded to Leyden. There he remained about a year. From this place he was to go to Paris. Immediately before he started, he chanced to wander into the garden of a florist. Here he saw some magnificent specimens of tulips, and recollecting that his uncle CONTARINE was a tulip fancier, he had purchased and paid for a number of costly roots, ere he bethought himself that he had spent all the money he had previously borrowed from a friend for the purpose of defraying his travelling expenses. He set off, it is said, on the continuation of his tour, "with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea." His flute, however, proved a great assistance in his wanderings, as the peasantry of the country through which he passed, in return for his performance thereon, would frequently furnish him with a night's lodging or a day's subsistence.

At Paris, besides attending lectures, he frequented the theatres, and mixed in society. He seems, indeed, to have had access to some of the most intellectual of the day, having made the acquaintance both of VOLTAIRE and FONTENELLE. But, thoughtless as he seemed, GOLDSMITH read the signs of the times with the eye of a philosopher, and predicted the future with the accuracy of a prophet. "When I consider," he said, "that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the

Court, and the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction, presume even to mention privileges, who till of late received directions from the throne with implicit humility, when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of Freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more, successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free."

GOLDSMITH's wanderings, which extended altogether over a period of two years, led him into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. For a time he officiated as travelling tutor to "a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker, who had suddenly been elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle." Not finding the situation much to his taste, however, he disengaged himself as speedily as possible from its irksome obligations, and pursued the remainder of his peregrinations alone. He was frequently reduced to great straits, and was obliged to have recourse to various expedients. His flute, which in France and Flanders had proved so valuable an introduction to the hospitality of the inhabitants, failed him in Italy—a land "where every peasant was a better musician than himself." But another talent which he had acquired stood him in good stead here. This was his skill in disputation.

In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant: for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night.

At Padua, GOLDSMITH remained for some months. It is here that he is said to have taken his medical degree. He returned to England, landing at Dover early in 1756. His generous uncle CONTARINE was now dead, and his relatives and friends, disappointed in all the expectations they had formed of him, had for some time past treated him with neglect.

After undergoing the greatest privations, he at last, in the month of February, arrived in London, homeless, friendless, and with but a few halfpence in his pocket—alone, in that vast ocean of human life. Little is known of this earliest part of his career in the great metropolis; but he must have been reduced almost to the lowest depths of want and misery. "Many years afterwards, in the days of his social elevation, he startled a polite circle at Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's by humorously dating an anecdote about the time 'he lived among the beggars of Axe Lane.'"

We shall not stop to enumerate the various shifts, hardships, and disappointments of poor GOLDSMITH, even after he had emerged from the society of Axe Lane into a more respectable sphere, nor the various miseries he endured as school tutor, suburban doctor, and literary hack. One or two anecdotes selected from those here recorded will serve to convey to our readers some idea of the nature of his struggles with penury and misfortune, while they will serve still further to illustrate his improvident, blundering, gentle-hearted, and generous character. At one time, after having been disappointed in the hope of a foreign appointment, he sought to be examined at the College of Surgeons for the situation of hospital mate. In order that he might appear in decent attire, GRIFFITHS, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, and his first literary taskmaster, became security to a tailor for a suit of clothes in consideration of four articles to be furnished to his periodical. Poor GOLDSMITH

was, however, rejected at Surgeons' Hall, and such was the sequel of the history of the new suit of clothes which had been procured for this unlucky occasion:

On Christmas-day, but four days after his rejection by the College of Surgeons, while he was suffering under the mortification of defeat and disappointment, and hard pressed for means of subsistence, he was surprised by the entrance into his room of the poor woman of whom he hired his wretched apartment, to whom he owed some small arrears of rent. She had a piteous tale of distress, and was clamorous in her afflictions. Her husband had been arrested in the night for debt, and thrown into prison. This was too much for the quick feelings of Goldsmith, he was ready at any time to help the distressed, but in this instance he was himself in some measure a cause of the distress. What was to be done! He had no money, it is true; but there lay the new suit of clothes in which he had stood his unlucky examination at Surgeons' Hall. Without giving himself time for reflection, he sent it off to the pawnbroker's, and raised thereon a sufficient sum to pay off his own debt, and to release his landlord from prison. Under the same pressure of penury and despondency, he borrowed from a neighbour a pittance to relieve his immediate wants, leaving as a security the books which he had recently reviewed. In the midst of these straits and harassments, he received a letter from Griffiths demanding in peremptory terms the return of the books and clothes, or immediate payment of the same. It appears that he had discovered the identical suit at the pawnbroker's.

GOLDSMITH's reply to this letter drew forth another in rejoinder from GRIFFITHS, in which he bestowed upon his poor, imprudent contributor, the epithets of knave and sharper. We have room only for an extract from the letter which GOLDSMITH despatched in return, and which Mr. IRVING justly describes as affording the most touching picture of an inconsiderate but sensitive man, harassed by care, stung by humiliations, and driven almost to despondency:

"I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard, and your own suggestions, may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may invariably burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letters I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice."

The dispute between the poet and the publisher was afterwards imperfectly adjusted, and it would appear that the clothes were paid for by a short compilation advertised by Griffiths in the course of the following month, but the parties were never really friends afterwards, and the writings of Goldsmith were harshly and unjustly treated in *The Monthly Review*.

This injustice was displayed upon the publication of the work referred to in poor GOLDSMITH's letter—a treatise entitled *An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. The *Monthly Review* "slandered him as a man while it derided him as an author, and accused him, by-inoendo, of 'labouring under the infamy of having, by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions to honour and honesty,' and of practising those arts which bring the sharper to the cart's tail or the pillory." Notwithstanding this and

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similar attacks, the treatise attracted public attention, and commanded a profitable sale. GOLDSMITH now wrote for several of the most successful periodicals. One of his literary employers was Mr. JOHN NEWBURY, by whom he was engaged to contribute essays to a newspaper entitled the *Public Ledger*. It was in this publication that his *Chinese Letters*, afterwards modified into the *Citizen of the World*, first made their appearance.

Being now in easier circumstances, GOLDSMITH removed, about the middle of the year 1760, from the miserable and dirty lodgings which he had for some time inhabited, in Green Arbour Court, to more comfortable apartments in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. He now numbered several names of note in art and literature among his acquaintance, and in the course of this year was introduced to Dr. JOHNSON, "toward whom," says Mr. IRVING, "he was drawn by strong sympathies, though their natures were widely different." We regret that we have not room to insert a parallel drawn by Mr. IRVING between the characters of these two luminaries of literature, as it is as remarkable for its eloquence as for its discriminating justness. We insert two anecdotes as being better suited to our limits:

What beautiful instances does the garrulous Boswell give of the goodness of heart of Johnson, and the pressing homage to it by Goldsmith. They were speaking of a Mr. Levett, long an intimate of Johnson's house, and a dependent on his bounty; but who, Boswell thought, must be an irksome charge upon him. "He is poor and honest," said Goldsmith, "which is recommendation enough to Johnson." Boswell mentioned another person of a very bad character, and wondered at Johnson's kindness to him. "He is now become miserable," said Goldsmith, "and that ensures the protection of Johnson."

"Encomiums like these," Mr. IRVING remarks with great truth, "speak almost as much for the heart of him who praises as of him who is praised." In 1762, GOLDSMITH, for the benefit of country air, removed to "Merry Islington," then a country village. He was frequently visited here by HOGARTH the painter, with whom he had become intimate. He had also contracted a friendship with Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "They were men," says IRVING, "of kindred genius, excelling in corresponding qualities of their several arts, for style is in writing what colour is in painting; both are innate endowments, and equally magical in their effects." At the house of the celebrated artist, GOLDSMITH mingled in a higher circle than he had hitherto been accustomed to.

Poor Goldsmith had not yet, like Dr. Johnson, acquired reputation enough to atone for his external defects, and his want of the air of good society. Miss Reynolds used to inveigh against his personal appearance, which gave her the idea, she said, of a low mechanic, a journeyman tailor. One evening, at a large supper party, being called upon to give as a toast, the ugliest man she knew, she gave Dr. Goldsmith; upon which a lady, who sat opposite, and whom she had never met before, shook hands with her across the table, and "hoped to become better acquainted." . . .

Out of the casual but frequent meeting of men of talent at this hospitable board, rose that association of wits, authors, scholars, and statesmen, renowned as the Literary Club. . . . It took a regular form in the year 1764, but did not receive its literary appellation until several years afterwards. The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, Chamier, Hawkins, and Goldsmith.

(To be continued.)

The History of St. Cuthbert; or, an Account of his Life, Decease, and Miracles; of the Wanderings with his Body at intervals during 124 years; of the state of his Body from his decease until A.D. 1842; and of the various Monuments erected to his Memory. By the Very Rev. Monsignor C. FYRE, Chamberlain of Honour to his Holiness Pope PIUS IX.; Incumbent of St. Mary's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, &c. London: Burns. 1849.

It is easy, when one is not a believer, to smile at what it is the custom to call the credulity of those who believe. A true philosopher, a genuine Christian, will not do so, for he will see that all, and himself among them, have faith in something which some others deny, and that the sneer with which he might visit his neighbour might probably be retorted upon himself. The wise man will accept every new fact of honest faith in absurdities as a feature in imperfect human nature, given, probably, for some good purpose, had we but the skill to find it out.

Now here we have reproduced with all seriousness, and seemingly in absolute credence of every line of it, the legendary life of St. CUTHBERT, written in English, and addressed to English people in this nineteenth century—this age of railroads and steam-ships—when we had flattered ourselves that intelligence was advancing, and that the truths of natural science had extinguished the productions of an irrational superstition. But it is not so, for it is manifest that a Life of St. CUTHBERT is expected to find among us a considerable circle of credulous readers, for it has been superbly printed in a large volume, magnificently bound, illustrated with maps, and filling upwards of 350 pages of close print. Some of the legends of this British saint will be found conveniently condensed in an extract in another column from the Rev. H. CHRISTMAS'S *Cradle of the Twin Giants*, but they who really feel an interest in the subject, whether as believers, or as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, or perhaps as throwing some light on our early history, will find in this magnificent volume everything that industry could collect related in a very pleasing manner.

Letters of William Von Humboldt to a Female Friend. A complete edition. Translated from the second German edition. By CATHERINE M. A. COUPER. In 2 vols. London: John Chapman. 1849.

THIS translation of HUMBOLDT'S letters did not come to hand until the review of the other translation of a portion of them, which appeared in the last CRITIC, was already in type. We were not, therefore, enabled to do more than add the title of this with a very brief commentary. But it deserves a more particular notice on account of its special claims upon the regards of the reader. It is the only complete collection of these remarkable letters which has yet been published in English, and the translation is singularly perfect; we have seldom read such a rendering of German thoughts into the English tongue. Having already described the origin and characteristics of these delightful letters, we need do no more now than recommend this translation of them as by far the best that has appeared.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain. Vol. 2. London: Bohn.

THIS second volume of Mr. BOHN'S *Illustrated Library* continues Mr. LODGE'S well-known historical Portrait Gallery, at a price little more than one of the original engravings would have cost. The volume contains no less than thirty portraits engraved on steel, with short but interesting memoirs, by Mr. LODGE, extending from 1558 to 1601: all from authenticated portraits.

PHILOSOPHY.

Nature: an Essay. Lectures on the Times and on War. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London: Slater.

Eight Essays. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London: Slater.

TWO more of Mr. SLATER'S cheap series of reprints which are remarkable for the excellent taste that governs their selection. He gives us the choicest

literature at the price of the worst. The size of the volumes is no small recommendation. They can be carried in the pocket.

SCIENCE.

Aspects of Nature in Different Lands and Different Climates. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by Mrs. SABINE. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

THE name of HUMBOLDT is a passport sufficient for any work on Natural History. The devotion of a life to the cause of scientific research, and an investigating mind fitted for the task, are among the qualifications possessed by the author of these volumes, which have been most ably translated by Mrs. SABINE. The subject-matter of the work cannot be better described than in the author's own words. In the preface he says:

I venture to hope that these descriptions of the varied aspects which nature assumes in distant lands, may impart to the reader a portion of that enjoyment which is derived from their immediate contemplation, by a mind susceptible of such impressions, as this enjoyment is enhanced by insight into the more hidden connexion of the different powers and forces of nature, I have subjoined to each treatise scientific elucidations and additions. Throughout the entire work I have sought to indicate the unflinching influence of external nature on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man. To minds oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life, the soothing influence of the contemplation of nature is peculiarly precious; and to such these pages are more especially dedicated. May they, "escaping from the stormy waves of life," follow me in spirit with willing steps to the recesses of the primeval forests, once the boundless surface of the Steppe, and to the higher ridges of the Andes.

In the first volume the reader finds himself contemplating the Steppes and Deserts of the Earth. The mountain valleys of Caracacas, the Pampas and Llanas of South America, the African Sahara, and the Steppes of Northern Asia, pass in review before him. And his attention is drawn to a close survey of the vegetable covering of the surface of these plains, and of the animal life existing there.

HUMBOLDT'S deep research, and extensive knowledge of the varied productions of the earth, have enabled him to draw most interesting and novel comparisons between the widely-separated tracks of land, which he has classed under one denomination. In different zones and varied climes, he contemplates the races of men who inhabit the Steppe and Desert Country. He comments on their present state of civilization,—he traces their minute shades of difference,—and recalls their past history with a rapid succinct glance. We present our readers with the following beautiful extract:

The Northern Desert of Africa divides two races of men who belong originally to the same part of the globe, and whose unreconciled discord appears as ancient as the Mythos of Osiris and Typhon. North of the Atlas there dwell nations with long and straight hair, of sallow complexion, and Caucasian features. On the South of the Senegal, towards Soudan, live hordes of negroes in different stages of civilization. In Central Asia, the Mongolian Steppe divides Siberian barbarism from the ancient civilization of the Peninsula of India. The South American Steppes form the boundary of a partial European cultivation. To the North, between the mountains of Venezuela and the Caribbean Sea, we find commercial cities, neat villages, and carefully cultivated fields. Even the love of art and scientific culture, together with the noble desire of civil freedom, have long been awakened there. Towards the South the Steppe terminates in a savage wilderness. Forests, the growth of thousands of years, fill with their impenetrable fastnesses the humid regions between the Orinoco and the Amazons; massive leaden-coloured

nite rocks narrow the bed of the foaming rivers. Mountains and forests resound with the thunder of the falling waters, with the roar of the tiger-like jaguar, and with the melancholy rain, announcing howlings of the bearded apes. . . . In the midst of this grand and savage nature live many tribes of men, isolated from each other by the extraordinary diversity of their languages: some are nomadic, wholly unacquainted with agriculture, and using ants, gums, and earth as food. These, as the Otomacs and Jarures, seem a kind of outcasts from humanity; others, like the Maquiritares and Macas, are settled, more intelligent and of milder manners, and live on fruits which they have themselves reared. Large spaces between the Cassiquiare and the Atabapo are only inhabited by the tapir and the social apes, and are wholly destitute of human beings. Figures graven on the rocks show that even these deserts were once the seat of some degree of intellectual cultivation. They bear witness to the changeable destinies of man, as do the unequally developed flexible languages; which latter belong to the oldest and most imperishable class of historic memorials. But, as in the Steppes, tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others, apparently weaponless and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margin of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man, in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow men increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer, searching the records of past ages, finds every where the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man. He, therefore, who, amidst the unreconciled discord of nations, seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activities of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature, or, obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs, which are ever pursuing, in undisturbed harmony, their ancient and unchanging course.

The beautiful and poetic manner in which **Baron Humboldt** has treated the abstruse facts of science, and the interesting deductions which he draws therefrom, make these volumes peculiarly acceptable to the general reader. And to render the work valuable in a scientific point of view, he supplies a mass of useful information in the form of "annotations and additions." It would be almost impossible to convey to the reader an idea of the variety of the subjects of which these notes treat. The results of physiological experiments, geological descriptions, geographical explorations, "physiognomic distinctions, chemical discoveries, historical records, the manners and habits of men in those wilds which are beyond the confines of civilization,—together with the natural history of the animal and vegetable kingdom, are the sources from which **Humboldt** has drawn his curious collection of facts. This omnium gatherum is given in the form of notes to the treatise,—which, in fact, is a sort of prose poem,—a *tableau vivant* of the scene. Passing from the section which treats of the Steppes and Deserts, we find towards the end of the first volume, a description of the "Cataracts of Orinoco." We cannot do better than allow our author to speak for himself:

The name Orinoco, given to the river by its first discoverers, and which probably originated in some confusion of language, is unknown in the interior of the country. Nations, in a rude state, designate by proper geographical names only such objects as can be confounded with each other. The Orinoco, the Amazonas, and the Magdalena rivers, are called simply "the river," or "the great river," or "the great water;" whilst

those who dwell on their banks distinguish even the smallest streams by particular names. The current produced by the Orinoco, between the mainland and the Island of Trinidad, with its asphaltic lake, is so strong that ships with all sails set, and with a favourable breeze can with difficulty make way against it. This deserted and dreaded part of the sea is called the Bay of Sadness (Golfo Triste); the entrance forms the Dragon's Mouth (Boca del Drago). Here detached cliffs rise like towers above the foaming floods, and seem still to indicate the ancient site of a rocky bulwark, which, before it was broken by the force of the current, united the Island of Trinidad with the Coast of Paria. The aspect of this region first convinced the great discoverer of the New World of the existence of an American continent. Familiar with nature, he inferred that so immense a body of fresh water could only be collected in a long course, and "that the land which supplied it must be a continent not an island." As, according to Arrian, the companions of Alexander, after crossing the snow-covered Paropamisus, on reaching the Indus imagined, from the presence of crocodiles, that they recognized in that river a branch of the Nile; so Columbus, unaware of the similarity of physiognomy which characterizes the various productions of the climate of Palus, readily supposed this new continent to be the eastern coast of the far-projecting continent of Asia. The mild coolness of the evening air, the ethereal purity of the starry firmament, the balsamic fragrance of the flowers waited to him by the land breeze,—all led him (as *Herrera* tells us in the *Decades*), to deem that he approached the garden of Eden, the sacred dwelling-place of the first parents of the human race. The Orinoco appeared to him to be one of the four rivers descending from Paradise, to divide and water the earth, newly decked with vegetation. . . . In ascending the Upper Orinoco in the summer of 1800, we passed the mission of Esmeralda, and reached the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo. Here rises high above the clouds the massive summit of the Yonamari, or Duida, a grand and picturesque mountain which presents to the spectator one of the finest scenes of nature which the tropical world has to offer. Its altitude, according to my trigonometrical measurement, is 8,823 feet above the level of the sea. The southern slope of the mountain presents a treeless grassy surface, and the humid evening air is filled far and wide with the fragrance of the ripe ananas. The stalks of the pine apples, swelling with ripe juice, rise between the lowly herbs of the meadow, and the golden fruit is seen shining at a distance from under its leafy crown of bluish green. Where mountain springs or rivulets break forth from the turf covering, the scene is further adorned by groups of tall fan-palms, whose foliage never feels the influence of a cool breeze.

The sources of the Orinoco have never been visited by any European traveller; though **Humboldt** navigated this interesting river 920 miles, and others have since gone beyond him. It is described as one of those rivers which, after many windings, seem to return back towards the region in which they took their rise. After pursuing a westerly, and then a northerly course, it runs again to the east, so its mouth is almost in the same meridian as its source. For though that source has not been actually visited, its position has been approximated by **Sir Robert Schomburgk**. The arduous journey of this traveller was undertaken for the purpose of solving the prize question, given by the Royal Geographical Society of London, in November, 1834, viz., "the connexion of the Coast of British Guiana with the easternmost point which **Humboldt** had reached on the Upper Orinoco." His aim was attained, after surmounting dangers and difficulties of no common nature. **Schomburgk's** determinations of the latitude and longitude of the place agreed closely with **Humboldt's**. The deductions which the latter makes from these explorations is, that the upper part of the Orinoco does not really extend at the utmost beyond the meridian of 64 deg. 8 min. W. from Greenwich.

Our author gives a most interesting description of the natural curiosities and the beautiful scenery to be met with in navigating this river. He speaks of the phenomena of the "black waters." The Atabapo, whose banks are adorned with Carolinias and aborescent Melastomas, and the Temi, Tuamini, and Guainia, are all rivers of a coffee brown, which, beneath the shade of the palm groves, appear black as the fabled Styx. He describes the masses of granite, which raise their serrated outlines and grotesque aspects with dazzling whiteness above the luxuriant foliage. On many of the isolated rocks are said to be hieroglyphical representations. In speaking of one of the cataracts of the Orinoco, **Humboldt** says:

From this point a wonderful prospect is enjoyed. A foaming surface of four miles in length presents itself at once to the eye: iron-black masses of rock, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapour. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations a magic optical effect begins. Coloured bows shine, vanish, and reappear, and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower beds, adorned with melastomas and proseras, and with small silver-leaved mimosas and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite, decked with flowers, which rise solitary amidst the glaciers of Savoy, and are called by the dwellers in the Alps, "jardins," or "courtils." In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Anabami, a long extended ridge which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter (Calitami is its Indian name), glowing at sunset as if in roscate flames. This appearance returns daily: no one has ever been near the mountain to detect the precise cause of this brightness, which may perhaps proceed from a reflecting surface, produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate. . . . We turned our steps, in a thoughtful and melancholy mood, from this burying-place of a race deceased. It was one of those clear and cool nights so frequent in the tropics. The moon, encircled with coloured rings, stood high in the zenith, illuminating the margin of the mist, which lay with well-defined, cloud-like outlines, on the surface of the foaming river. Countless insects poured their red phosphoric light on the nest-covered ground, which glowed with living fire, as if the starry canopy of heaven had sunk down upon the turf.

From the sections entitled "Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest," we extract the following:

Soon after eleven o'clock such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. . . . If one asks the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance arises on particular nights, they answer, with a smile, that "the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." To me it appeared that the scene had probably originated in some accidental combat, and that hence the disturbance had spread to other animals, and thus the noise had increased more and more. The jaguars pursue the peccaries and tapirs, and these, pressing against each other in their tight, break through the interwoven lace-like shrubs, which impede their escape; the apes, on the tops of the trees, being frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; this arouses the tribes of birds, who build their nests in communities, and thus the whole animal world becomes in a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is by no means always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which disturbs the repose of the woods: we witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly,

and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when, with loud peals of thunder, the flashing lightning illuminated the deep recesses of the forest. The good-natured Franciscan monk, who, although he had been suffering for several months from fever, accompanied us through the cataracts of Atures and Mayfures to San Carlos, on the Rio Negro, and to the Brazilian boundary, used to say, when fearful on the closing in of night that there might be a thunder-storm, "May heaven grant a quiet night, both to us and to the wild beasts of the forest!"

The second volume opens with a sketch of the "Physiology of Plants," to which is appended copious scientific addenda. The inquirer into nature will be delighted with the treat here prepared for him. The investigations of Humboldt extend from the equator to the poles. Midst torrid zones and arctic regions—in the low dense atmosphere which haunts the valleys, to the higher and more ethereal strata—he finds something to remark upon—something which leads his ingenious mind to further discoveries. In the vast and varied scene of vegetable production—of animal life, are everywhere found the impress of the Divine hand. In the wonderful adaptation of parts—in their minuteness and in their strength, and in the ceaseless dissemination of life,—we find this wonderful agency at work which sustains the world and its nomadic atoms. The very air we breathe is full of life—the earth we tread on is instinct with vitality—even, as said the Pythagorean Muse:

Death is but ancient matter drest
In some new figure.

The unlearned see but the features of the world, but the sage looks into the mind thereof. All things in creation have their purpose. Even the ephemeral insect bears on its wing the seed from flower to flower,—and the falling of the rain-drop gives life to the animalcule sustained in its globe. Every atom has a reciprocating influence upon other atoms. All things act and re-act on each other, even decay is but another name for returning life. The history of the vegetable world is one of peculiar interest. The gradual progress from the lichen of the naked rock to the gigantic tree of the forest, and the many classes indigenous in different climes;—the beauty of the delicate flower, the grandeur of the time-enduring cedar, or the utility of the life-supporting fruits and vegetables—are all subjects worthy the investigation of an intelligent being. In the physical, as in the moral world, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, form a trinity, whose union is seldom or never dissolved. The luxuriance of vegetation is not only useful, but it is beautiful. It is spread like a garment over the earth, decking her with glory; showing that the beneficence of nature does not deny even to the blade of grass the attribute of beauty. We have often thought, when looking at the serrated edges of a leaf, the brilliant colours of a flower,—that nothing is in vain. Man too often tests the utility of things by his finite power of using them; but when he sees all the recesses of creation teeming with life and one part sustaining the other, he must feel there is more meaning in nature than his eye can see or his mind can grasp. Such contemplations are peculiarly desirable in an age whose egotism has made it indifferent to all beyond the narrow circle of individual interests. Among the evils of civilization is that materialism which makes us forget the created world by which we are surrounded, and the relation of that created world to the Great Architect whose physical laws are but the

visible emblems of moral and spiritual power. The contemplation of nature has a consolatory as well as a purifying influence on the soul. Wearied by the petty trials of every-day life, how can man so well refresh his spirit as by communion with nature? The early dew on the grass—the sparkling of the pebbly brook—the many-shaped clouds, those letterings of the sky—all speak to him in a voice of sympathy. Nature is an universal echo, which answers to the plaint of the mourner, as well as to the glad carol of the bird. It denotes the soul attentive to its own sublimity—teaching man to forget his toils and troubles in the consciousness of his immortal destiny. "The oppressor's wrong,—the proud man's contumely and the law's delay," are heeded not by him who can look abroad on creation and who feels his position in the moral scale. The dignity of human nature restores him to himself, and wo, then, to the tyrant's rule. Mountain countries are peculiarly favourable to the growth of free and noble sentiments. It was in the mountains of Wales that the Ancient Britons made their last stand,—it was there the bard sung the requiem of his country when the victorious EDWARD conquered it. The Highlands of Scotland fostered many a bold and warlike clan. It was the hills of Tyrol that gave birth to WILLIAM TELL. The rocky Switzerland has ever bravely fought for her independence, and there MAZZINI and his comrades have found a refuge. The Carpathian Mountains have echoed the noble Kossuth's rallying cry of liberty. HUMBOLDT does not omit to notice the effect of natural scenery on the character of man; for he says:

Not only do such descriptions afford us mental enjoyment of a high order, but the knowledge of the character which nature assumes in different regions is moreover intimately connected with the history of man, and of his civilization. For although the commencement of this civilization is not solely determined by physical relations, yet the direction which it takes, the national character, and the more grave or gay disposition of men are dependent in a very high degree on climatic influences. How powerfully have the skies of Greece acted on its inhabitants! The nations settled in the fair and happy regions bounded by the Euphrates, the Halys, and the Egean Sea, also early attained amenity of manners, and delicacy of sentiment. When, in the middle ages religious enthusiasm insolently reopened the sacred East to the nations of Europe who were sinking back into barbarism, our ancestors in returning to their homes brought with them greater manners, acquired in those delightful valleys. The poetry of the Greeks, and the ruder songs of the primitive northern nations, one great part of their peculiar character to the aspects of the plants and animals seen by the bard, to the mountains and valleys which surrounded him, and to the air which he breathed. And to recall more familiar objects, who does not feel himself affected in the dark shade of the beech, on hills crowned with scattered fir-trees, or on the turf pasture where the wind rustles in the trembling foliage of the birch? These trees of our native land have often suggested or recalled to our minds images and thoughts of a melancholy, of a grave and elevating, or of a cheerful character. The influence of the physical on the moral world,—that reciprocal and mysterious action and reaction of the material and the immaterial,—gives to the study of nature, when regarded from higher points of view, a peculiar charm, still too little recognized.

Another of the interesting treatises in the second volume is on "the Structure and mode of action of Volcanoes in different parts of the Globe." Rocks are not like plants, peculiar to certain latitudes, for in either hemisphere organic nature, when unclothed, is the same; at least "the same formation appears in the chain

of the Andes as in the mountains of the middle of Europe," says HUMBOLDT. And no discoveries of new countries present us with any hitherto unknown formation of rocks. The strata of the earth possesses uniform characteristics, at the equator as at the poles. Our author goes on to show the existence of volcanic systems on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean,—in the south of France, and on the plain of Lombardy. Speaking of the subterranean relation of volcanoes, and their connexion with other natural phenomena, he says:

In the present state of our planet the most ordinary form of volcanoes is indeed in all parts of the globe that of an isolated conical mountain, such as Vesuvius, Etna, the Peak of Teneriffe, Tunguragua, and Cotopaxi. I have myself seen such volcanoes varying in size from the smallest hill to an elevation of 19,184 feet above the sea. But besides these isolated cones there are also permanent openings or craters, having established channels of communication with the interior of the earth, which are situated on long chains of mountains with serrated crests. . . . The whole plateau or high land of Quito, of which Pichincha, Cotopaxi, and Tunguragua form the summits, is to be viewed as a single volcanic furnace. The subterranean fire breaks forth sometimes through one and sometimes through another of these openings, which it has been customary to regard as separate and distinct volcanoes. The progressive march of the subterranean fire has been here directed for three centuries from north to south. Even the earthquakes which occasion such dreadful ravages in this part of the world afford remarkable proofs of the existence of subterranean communication, not only between countries where there are no volcanoes (a fact which had long been known), but also between fire-emitting openings situated at great distances asunder. Thus, in 1797, the volcano of Pasto, east of the Guayasara river, emitted uninterruptedly for three months a lofty column of smoke, which column disappeared at the instant, when, at a distance of 240 geographical miles, the great earthquake of Kibomba and the immense eruption of mud called "Moya" took place, causing the death of between thirty and forty thousand persons.

HUMBOLDT believes in the existence of central heat in our planet, and supposes volcanoes to be fountains springing from this internal crucible, where metals, alkalis, and earthy substances are mingled together in the fiery element. He also puts forth an hypothesis that the wonderful phenomena of fossil remains may be explained by these subterranean communications. But we must leave this subject to the readers of the book itself. Two other sections entitled "The Vital Force of the Rhodian Genius," and "The Plateau of Caxamarca" conclude these volumes. It seems to us almost a work of supererogation to praise the writings of HUMBOLDT. He has so long since taken his position in the philosophic world, that we deem an approval of his works only a just tribute to his established fame. But, however well acquainted with his character and his achievements in the cause of science, it is impossible to peruse these volumes without being struck anew with the patient research,—the judicious comparisons,—the reasonable inferences and the close investigations of the author. He does not present us with isolated facts only. He connects them together in a network of truth, making all sciences tributary to the one great stream of knowledge. His philosophic spirit sees all things as they stand in relation to each other, and whether he rises on the wings of poetic imagination, or confines himself within the limits of attested facts, we feel the greatness of his mind and the soundness of his reasoning. Our readers will do well to

order these volumes. They are not merely to be read and thrown aside, their intrinsic worth will make a re-perusal both interesting and profitable.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A Collection of Sacred Music for the Use of Schools.
Edited by JAMES TILLEARD. London: Novello.

THE title best describes this useful volume. Singing is now introduced as a part of education in all elementary schools. In Germany, every child sings from sight, because the note is from the first always placed before him when he sings. Mr. TILLEARD has prepared this collection that English schools might have the same advantage. It is intended to be put into the hands of the learner, and is not for the teacher alone. The choice of tunes is extremely judicious. The words have been selected also with more attention to intrinsic beauty than is usual. This collection should not only be introduced into every school, but into every family.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Los Gringos: or, an Inside View of Mexico and California; with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. By Lieutenant Wise, U. S. N. New York: Putnam.

LIEUTENANT WISE left Boston for the Pacific in 1846, on service in "a vessel of war." He visited Peru and Chili: he took part in the capture of Mazatlan: he carried some despatches into Mexico, and was stationed for a considerable time in California. He touched at the various South Sea Islands en route.

What he saw in these peregrinations, he has narrated in a fluent, lively, and picturesque manner, pleasant to read. There is, however, not much of novelty in his themes. Most of them have been already described, save that upon which information is now most eagerly sought, the Gold region of California. He saw Mexico also, under a new aspect, when disorganized by the effects of a protracted and ruinous war. Hence, he has more of adventure to tell of this part of his travel than of any other, aided by the manner of his travelling, which was on horseback. He appears, also, to have made a more intimate acquaintance with Mexico and the Mexicans than with any other people whom he visited; from this, therefore, we shall take the greater portion of our illustrative extracts.

Let us first view

MR. WISE EN ROUTE.

The horse I bestrode was not very beautiful to behold, certainly—being what is technically called in animal structure a singed cat: but nevertheless he rattled along bravely, without a jolt, plunge, or stumble, and we got on famously together. We contrived to while away miles and hours, coursing along the marismas of the sea, with a clear bright moon to light us; or winding through magnificent forests of sycamore and pine, beneath dense thickets, arched with vines, cactus, and acacia; grouped here and there with palmettos, or cocoa-nuts, crackling in the breeze—and looking for all the world like long-legged, trouserless, turbaned Turks. The scene was quite exhilarating; and even my comrade allowed his huge moustache to be parted; but whether owing to the pure air and excitement of the ride, or the yet purer brandy from his alforgas, his hitherto taciturn tongue was let loose, and we became bosom friends on the spot. He had put sufficient in his mouth to steal away his brains; and not a little to my surprise—though I expressed none—he shortly proposed to me a capital plan of cheating the Government; that by keeping together—he being empowered to take horses for nothing—we might charge the full amount, and halve the proceeds. I readily assented, sealed the bargain by a squeeze that nearly wrenched him from the saddle, and resolved to cut his fascinating society at the first convenient opportunity.

tunity. This gentleman bore the reputation of being one out of a few honest officers in the Mexican army. However, it is but justice to state that these little sins of commission are not regarded in so serious a light as with us; although I could not help speculating on the beautiful moral attributes possessed by the remainder of the army. They have a very trite saying, which hits their case precisely: *Primero jo, pues mi padre*—Me first, then daddy.

And these are some of his

ADVENTURES ON HORSEBACK.

At San Juan, a large *douceur* procured magnificent horses for myself and a small urchin, who was sent as post-boy; after being again chafed with spirits, I mounted and with a swollen painful leg, left the town. The animal I bestrode moved with a spirited though easy gait, and nothing transpired for some miles. For easier travelling we had taken the main road, which traversed a level, well-cultivated country, hedged on either side with close plantations of the cactus and agave. It was about nine o'clock, when my little companion called attention to three horsemen, who, most unaccountably, had started up within an hundred yards of our rear: *Hay mala gente*—they are bad fellows—he softly exclaimed. They were well mounted, and like most other Mexicans on the road, had the lower portions of the face bound around with coloured handkerchiefs, and notwithstanding the extreme mildness, not to say warmth of the morning, were closely wrapped in serapas. I must confess seeing naught remarkable in all this; for the country was open; apparently well travelled; shortly before, we had passed a large drove of pack mules, and a *hacienda* was visible in the distance. Still I did not neglect the hint of my sharp young guide, and bade him make sail ahead. He needed no second bidding—gave a terrified look back, and struck spurs to his beast. Waiting a little while, I, too, increased my speed, but had not made a dozen bounds, when a loud voice called me to halt! What for? said I, without pausing. *Su pasaporte*, was shouted. Pulling a heavy rifle pistol from the holster, and bringing my horse to a stand, I replied, "Here's my passport." They instantly checked their animals within twenty yards, threw off serapas, and whilst the individual nearest me was rapidly unrolling a cloth from the mouth of his short carbine, believing hostilities to have commenced, I took deliberate aim, and fired. He was sitting diagonally towards me, and the ball, of nearly an ounce in weight, struck him high up the chest; and I venture to assert, upon the well-known virtues of Mons. Devisme's weapons, on the boulevard Poissonnerie, that it went through and through him. I saw his carbine fall to the ground, and heard him exclaim, with both hands pressing the breast, *Madre de Dios!* I myself was of the opinion that the sooner he said his prayers the better, and although I felt a twinge of regret at what had taken place, it was speedily dissipated; for at the same moment there were three or four reports—two of them from persons on foot, inside the hedge; but not hearing even the whistling of the bullets, I judged their aim had been somewhat inaccurate. Giving my horse the rein and spur, I went flying along the road. One of the mounted gentlemen alone followed in pursuit, and finding I had the heels of him, I held my nag well in, until I had disengaged the remaining weapon, when, halting suddenly, I cried, *Venga mi compadre, para el cambio*—come and take your revenge. The instant of perceiving the movement, he fired a pistol at random, shouted *punetero!*—wheeled rapidly into the thickets and was out of sight. He was at too great a distance to make sure of him, or I certainly should have saved the *garrote* a wrench. The old adage preserved him: *El diablo siempre cuya por los suyos*—the devil regards his darlings. Once more giving my willing beast the bit, I never ceased running for five leagues; as for my leg, I had forgotten all about it. Overtaking the little guide, we slackened our pace. But the trouble was not ended, for presently the diligence came in sight, and as we approached, what was my surprise and dismay to observe an individual on the box deliberately level a blunderbuss at my head, and never remove his aim until the coach was lost to view! *Bueno!* thought I; this is diverting—first to shoot a thief, and then be mistaken for one! Dismounting at a small *pulperia* near an extensive *hacienda*, I bathed my lame limb in muscal, and reloaded my pistol; during which last operation, the patron of the grog-shop, who looked

something villainous in the visage, interrogated the boy, who afterwards informed me that the wounded rogue on the black horse was one Senor Felipe, an intimate friend of the pulperianman, and greatly respected by the community at large. I was not again molested, and experienced no further interruption. Three posts carried us to Queritaro late in the afternoon. Meeting Mons. Ribaud in the streets I related the adventure, and he strongly advised me not to make it known, as there was no calculating the number of Don Felipe's associates, or the annoyance one might suffer from the sharp thrust of the knife, unexpectedly dealt by noon or midnight.

He witnessed at Leon

A STREET ROW.

We rode through one of the main avenues of the city, and entered the grand plaza as the great bell of the cathedral was slowly tolling for oracion; and unconsciously we checked the horses, to behold a vast concourse of many thousands silently kneel, with uncovered heads and faces turned towards the church, whilst all was hushed to perfect stillness. I never was more deeply impressed with an emotion of awe and solemnity.

Three sides of the large square were lined with portales or arcades; with every archway and open space filled with vendors of glass, cigars, cutlery, saddlery, bridlery, and every kind of horse equipment; all, however, destitute of workmanlike finish. The plaza itself was crowded with itinerant traders, screaming in every possible intonation of voice their different wares. Stalls and booths were also doing a large business in licors and fried bits of meat, frijoles and tortillas; but what carried away the commercial palm by long odds were the *dulce* women. There were a number of these popular saleswomen, squatted beneath huge umbrellas full ten feet in diameter, surrounded by crowds of buyers, to whom they were dispensing papers of coloured sugars, candies, and sweetmeats unceasingly. I passed them again the next morning, when they appeared busy as ever; and I was an eye-witness to a little incident wherein a cantov's worth of sugar was the cause of a fatal stab. A lepero was purchasing a bit of chocolate: it fell in the dirt, when another, probably thinking it a lawful prize, seized it, and took a large bite; whereupon the lawful owner swung a mass of heavy steel spurs attached to his wrist, jingling with some force, on the offender's head. In a second down dropped the spurs, and serapas were wound round the left arms. With low deep curses and flashing eyes, their knives gleamed in the light: the spectators cleared a ring, and to work they went. I sprang upon a stone pillar, to be out of harm's way, and thus had a clear view of the fray. Their blades were very unequally matched: one was at least eight inches, and the other not half that measurement; but both appeared adepts at the game, watching each other like wild cats ready for a spring, moving cautiously to and fro, making feints by the shielded arm or stamp of the foot for a minute or two; when, quick as a flash, I saw two rapid passes made by both: blood spurted from an ugly wound in the spur-vender's throat; but at the same moment his short weapon sealed the doom of his antagonist, and he lay stretched upon the ground, as lifeless as the bloody steel that struck him. I glanced at the wounds after the affair had terminated, and found the knife had been plunged twice directly in the region of the heart. There was no effort or attempt made by the beholders to arrest the parties; and the survivor caught up his spurs, a bystander quickly folded a handsome kerchief to his neck, and threading the crowd, he was soon out of sight. The corpse was laid upon a liquor-stand, with a delf platter upon the breast.

Turn we to the Polynesian groups, and behold,

THE SOUTH-SEA PEARL DIVERS.

The season is chosen during the prevalence of calms and light winds, so that the water be not disturbed during the operations; for they

Dare not dive

For pearls, but when the sea's at rest.

We had three *buzos*, or divers of great celebrity, but in the end we were not so highly impressed with their skill. The manner of conducting the performance is a very simple one. The boat is slowly urged over the calm water—perfectly clear and transparent it is, owing to the white sandy bottom. The *buzos* stand in suc-

cession on the prow, each provided with a short sharp stick to dislodge the shells, whilst another with shaded eyes close to the service, peers down into the pure blue depths, and marks the object of their search, or warns them of the appearance of the *tintero*—a ravenous species of shark. *Mira!* says the look-out man, pointing with his stick. Splash! down plunges the swarthy figure. You see him squirming and groping on the bottom, reflected in the mirage-like fluid, when presently he shoots to the surface, in one hand holding the prize, which is tossed into the boat. *Hay mas!*—There's more!—he exclaims, takes a long respiration, and again sinks—this time reversing his heels, after getting under water. Two or three feints of the kind and he gives place to a fresh *buzo*. The depth ranged from twenty to thirty-five feet, and they remained below about a minute. One would naturally suppose that the oldest oysters, like heads of families out of the sea, would adorn themselves with the costliest jewels, but the system is quite the reverse. The venerable shells are contented with little, valueless seeds, and the princely peas of pearls are distributed among the juveniles. This is invariably the case, and the rarest gems are always found in the smallest and youngest oysters; nor are they worn, as with mortals, in the ears, for we ever discovered them, after much scrutiny, carefully secreted in their beards!

We have stated that our author took part in the capture of Mazatlan. Here is

A SCENE FROM A SIEGE.

Our march had been so silent as not to create alarm, and, strange to say, there was not a sentinel awake. Embers of the watch-fires gave sufficient light to distinguish the sleeping figures of the troops, with horses picketed near. We divided our forces into two parties, one commanding the pathway to the meadow, whilst the other poured in a deadly fire, and immediately charged across the ravine. Taken completely by surprise, they jumped up in great consternation, and in their flight received the bullets from our remaining muskets; before we could reload they were flying, like so many ghosts, across the field, leaving everything behind. On gaining the bivouac, we found it quite a picturesque little glade, shaded by lofty forest trees; and beneath were a number of bough-built huts, verging on the rivulet that crossed the road. We counted eight dead bodies; one poor youth was breathing his last. By the fitful light of a torch I tore open a bale of linen at hand, passed some thick folds over the welling blood of his wounds, placed a drop of brandy to his lips, and left him to die. They were sixty in number, and we captured all they had—carbines, lances, ammunition, horses, saddles, and clothing, besides their private correspondence.

There was one incident connected with this escaramuza which was a source of deep regret to us. The wife and daughter of the commanding officer had, very imprudently, been on a visit to the encampment. When the attack commenced, they were sleeping in a hut, and immediately fled; but the child, a little girl of ten years, had been grazed by a ball in the foot, and told her mother the pebbles hurt her feet: the kind but unfortunate woman ran back, in the thickest of the fire, for the child's shoes, and upon returning, received a mortal wound in the throat. She was found by her friends, and died the following day—

"O! femme c'est a tort qu'on vous nomme timide,
A la voix de vos coeurs vous etes intrépide."

Loading our men with such articles as could be conveniently transported, we burned or destroyed a large quantity of arms, munitions, and merchandize, and then began our march towards the port. Such a motley throng as we presented! Some were laden, from the muzzles of their muskets down to their heels, with every possible variety of trumpery—bridles, sabres, flags, serapas, and even women's clothing; others, mounted on several saddles, one a-top of the other, with bundles of lances and fluttering pennons secured to their horses. Our trusty guide, in lieu of the purloined swine, had heaped bale upon bale on his horse and individual person, until he appeared in the midst of his plunder as if seated on a camel: our gallant captain had contented himself with a key-bugle, and a capacious uniform frock-coat some sizes too large for him: I did better, for coming upon the dead body of an officer, I removed a silver-bound saddle from his head, which, with silver-mounted bridle, handsome sabre, and a few

other articles, I appropriated to myself: indeed I have never since wondered at the rage one feels for abstracting an enemy's goods and chattels on similar occasions—such an itching, too, beyond mere curiosity to search people's pockets—that in a few more guerilla excursions I felt confident of becoming as good a freebooter as ever drew a sword.

More pleasing is the picture of

A MEXICAN COUNTRY TOWN.

Acaponeta is a hot little town, half built of mud, with a spacious rural-like square, shaded by fine trees, and boasting of a quaint old church. It is but a few leagues from the ocean, surrounded by a sandy soil, which, however, under the sun's fierce rays, over all the Tierra Caliente, produces quantities of tropical plants: the cassava for meal, bananas and guavas, with melons and many kinds of fruit. The inhabitants of these secluded districts, living in little worlds of their own, free from care or war, regardless of the political revolutions so continually agitating the mother country, seem to enjoy the *dolce far niente* in its truest sense. They are too poor to excite the rapacity of the government; their land yields almost spontaneously all means of subsistence; they live in mud cabins or bamboo huts, through whose light lattice work of reeds or trellis, the sea breeze cools them during the languid siesta; then at the fiesta or fandango, the women in white muslin camizetas and gaily striped basquinas, with gilt baubles, perhaps, thrust through their black locks, attended by the men, whose only wealth consists of horse, saddle, spurs, and serapa—dance, game, and drink until the fiesta is ended, with no fears of interruption save what lies in the sharp steel of their mercurial cuchillos—ignorant and unenvions of all around them. I found my guide in the Plaza, and walked into a white building on a corner, purporting to be a *Fonda y Billar*. It was Sunday morning, besides some notable feast day; a little old spider-legged uneven billiard table was thronged by rakish blades, with little miniature nine-pins stuck in the centre of the cloth, which were being rapidly knocked down by the players; a pulperia was close at hand, and the chink of *copitas*, filled with aguardiente or muscal, was keeping a musical accompaniment to the click of the billiard balls. The patron was an active, portly person, and from his clean, natty attire, and huge beard, with a certain sea-roll to his gait, I correctly surmised that he had "sailed the broad ocean," or that he might have been a retired pirate. He received me very hospitably, ordered a lithe black-eyed little girl of ten years not to go to the Inglesia until *El Capitan* had made a breakfast, and pointing to a bedstead in the sala, upon which was tightly stretched a side of dressed leather, desired me to repose until he could procure horses. From my position I had a clear view around the Plaza—crowds of gaily-dressed paisanos were moving from house to house, or thronging the bough-built booths and little shops, all strewn beneath the lofty trees, sipping dulces, making purchases, eating fruit, smoking or gaming. Presently, the large bell began to toll for high mass; like magic, at the first stroke of the iron tongue, traffic ceased, the *monté* was discontinued, the dealer putting by money and cards; half-eaten fruit was thrown upon the ground, children ceased squalling, caracolled steeds were reined sharply back by riders crossing the square, the noise of balls and glasses in the Billar and Tienda was silenced, hats were reverently doffed, cigarillos dropped, and the hum and murmur of many voices had passed away. Then, as the little chimes, with noisy throats, were bursting forth in clanging peals, the whole concourse of persons that filled the Plaza went moving with uncovered head, sombreros in hand, towards the church, and now the organ rose in solemn strains, embers were swinging, multitudes of tapers were twinkling within the nave, like stars in the firmament, while hundreds were kneeling in piety and awe before the shrines they worshipped.

In Mexico it seems that theft is an offence not at all uncommon even in good society. Lieutenant Wise relates the following incident as having occurred at Mazatlan:

The *Spectator* tells us, that in the days of Charles II., a rascal of any eminence could not be found under forty. In Mazatlan they were more precocious. Eating, sleeping, and drinking, they could easily dispense with,

for a handful of beans and the open air was an economical mode of life, and cost little or nothing; but a few rials were absolutely indispensable to game with on feast days; and as the Leperos, as a body, are not fond of work, they exercised their ingenuity in appropriating property of others. I had escaped their depredations so long, that I fancied there was nothing worth filching in my possession, or innocently supposed there was some kind of freemasonry established between us. However, I was soon undeceived. One morning, according to custom, Miss Rita made her usual call, attended by some gay friends, and all attired in their prettiest robes and ribosas:—"Would I read an anonymous billet in verse?" *Si Senorati*. "You are appointed *Teniente de la tripa*,"—a ball given annually by the butchers. "Then, would I meet her at the grand fandango in the marisma?" Of course. "*Pues hasta la noche, amigo mio!*" and away they tripped down the hill in high glee. In the evening after dinner at the cottage, in company with Senor Molinero, we strolled to the fields. A large *marquee* had been erected in the middle of the open space, and around were smaller affairs, with numerous booths, sparkling with lights, music, and merriment. It was not a very select affair, and I took the precaution to loosen my sword in its sheath. Presently we entered into the spirit of the frolic, and were soon hand in hand with leperos and their sweethearts—sipping from every cup—whirling away in waltzes—dancing to the quick *jarabe*, and making ourselves particularly ridiculous, when, presto! some expert thief snatched my sword blades from the scabbard. Search was instantly made, but the successful lepero made good his prize, and escaped. The girls sympathized with me, and poor Rita cried, and, regardless of being vice-queen of the ball, insisted upon leaving—so bounding up before me on horseback, I landed her at her little cottage. The night was not half spent, so turning rein, I indulged my friend Senor Carbia with a hasty visit—not at all to his satisfaction, for the fickle goddess smiled upon me; but as a slight check to this good fortune, another watchful person had stolen a valuable pistol from my holsters while the horse was standing in the patio, with a man to guard him. At the time I would certainly have presented the ladron with my winnings for the pleasure of giving him the contents from the remaining weapon; but eventually I became more of a philosopher—was robbed at all times unmercifully, and looked upon it as a destiny.

And thus he sums up his account of the aspect of

MEXICO AFTER THE WAR.

Undoubtedly I saw Mexico at disadvantage; and indeed I took more pleasure in leaning over the stone ballustrade of the palace, regarding the different regiments going through their evolutions, particularly the Seventh Infantry, who impressed me so deeply with their soldierly bearing and national pride for the hard battles they had fought and gallantly won, as to leave no room for admiration of the curiosities to be seen of a conquered city; indeed, Mexico was almost entirely Americanized; the great fondas and sociedades were all under the dominion of Yankees; with Yankee ice, Yankee drinks, signs, manners, habits, and customs, as if the city had been from time immemorial Yankeeified all over, instead of being only occupied a short twelve-month by the troops. I usually dined in one of these large establishments; and, excepting the hall of the eating saloon, from patios to attics, on every angle of the broad flights of stairs, crowded one beside the other, were gaming tables of every kind and description. Such a condensed essence of worldly hell, in all its glaring disgusting frightfulness, never existed. And there never were lack of players either; no, not one but was closely surrounded by officers and soldiers, blacklegs and villains of all sorts: betting uncommonly high, too; many of the banks having sixty and eighty thousand dollars in gold alone on the tables; and once I saw a common soldier stake and win two hundred ounces at a single bet. Other saloons were filled with Mexican girls, with music and dancing, attended by every species of vice, all going on unceasingly, day and night together. My friends called these pandemoniums the hells of Montezuma. Whether such scenes will be of future benefit

to the thousands of young men whom the war had called to Mexico, will be a matter for future speculation.

But here we must close a work which has afforded us a good deal of amusement and some information.

Excursions in Southern Africa; including a History of the Cape Colony, &c. By Lieut.-Colonel E. ELMERS NAPIER. In 2 vols. London: Shoberl. 1849.

A SUDDEN interest has been given to the Cape and its concerns, by the rebellion on a small scale, which it has got up in opposition to a desire of the mother country, that it should receive some of the convicts who may have entitled themselves to indulgence by good behaviour and given a fair promise of reform. The request was reasonable enough in itself. It seems but fair, that if the colonies call upon us at home to protect them and provide for them, they should also do something to help us. What should we say if Yorkshire, or Cornwall, were to protest against the admission of convicts from Middlesex. Why should not the Isle of Wight rebel because a penitentiary has been built, and convicts sent thither to be reformed? It has quite as much right to complain as the Cape. The answer to all such complaints is, that we are people living under one government, bearing each other's burdens, and therefore bound to endure small inconveniences for each other's benefit. The conduct of the Cape is not merely ungrateful, it is destructive of all government, and should be resented, not by compelling them to do against their will what they ought cheerfully to have undertaken, but to accept the principle which they have chosen to adopt, and to carry it out. We taxpayers at home should say to the colonists of the Cape: "So be it; if you will not consider yourselves so much a part of us as to share our burdens, and help us out of a difficulty we have in the disposal of convicts who have earned by good behaviour a title to mercy, so neither shall we consent to pay any more taxes in order to defend you from Kaffir wars, or other invasions. Take care of yourselves, bear your own burdens, and look not again to us for the help, the return of which you have denied."

Lieut.-Colonel NAPIER is, however, one of the objectors to the convict system. He coolly proposes to send them first to assist in the great work proposed for uniting by a canal or railroad the Atlantic and Pacific, and then after amendment, by way of reward, to transfer them as free men to Australia and other settlements. But will they be accepted; will not the successful opposition of the Cape stimulate other colonies to the like hostility?

Our author is strongly opposed to the missionary system which, he protests, has utterly failed in South Africa, after a waste of vast sums of money which, he contends, might have been spent more profitably towards the same end by promoting the emigration from England of some thousands of famishing Christians who would in time have peopled South Africa with a Christian race. On this subject he says:

When we see the harmony, nay, the very existence of our own colonies seriously endangered by undue interference of the same nature; when in New Zealand we behold the wise measures of Sir George Grey (one of the few men who can boast of owing so high a position to talent and merit alone) seriously impeded by clerical interposition; when at the Cape of Good Hope we hear of extensive grants of territory emanating from the same unauthorized source—of the surrounding bar-

barous tribes being stirred up against us by missionary intervention and intrigue, with an exhibition of imaginary wrongs; when, through such means, the safety, nay, the very existence, of that colony, has more than once been placed in jeopardy; when such extraordinary events as these are of constant recurrence, even at the present day—it cannot be considered premature to expose and cry out against a system rife with so many evil results; a system which has been carried to such an unwarrantable extent, more especially in that part of the world to which the following work particularly relates.

At this moment, likewise, whilst misery and starvation are hourly driving thousands from their native land, and when thousands more would emigrate, had they but the means of so doing—when, at the same time, so many pecuniary calls are constantly made on the British public, in furtherance of missionary societies it might not be amiss to inquire how the funds so collected are applied; if the channel in which they now flow be likely to lead to the object in view; namely, the conversion of the "heathen" to the doctrines of the Christian faith; and whether so important an object, together with that of real philanthropy, would not be more readily promoted by—in the first instance—appropriating such funds to the general purposes of "Emigration and Colonization."

Upwards of half a century has now elapsed, since missionary funds and missionary labour have been uselessly expended on Southern Africa, in vain attempts to convert the Kaffir race; I say vain attempts, because it is notorious (notwithstanding those flaming accounts which have been published to the contrary, and fondly believed by a too-credulous "religious British public") it is a fact which cannot be contradicted, that all such attempts have hitherto proved complete failures; that—as the first and most talented of the missionaries in that part of the world, the celebrated Van der Kemp, very justly remarked—"we have begun at the wrong end." Before we attempt to convert—to initiate a set of barbarians, as yet but little removed above the level of the brute creation, into the—to them incomprehensible mysteries of divine revelation—we must first endeavour to civilize, and to make them feel the wants of civilization; competent and properly qualified ministers of our holy religion—not a set of needy and ignorant adventurers—may then, and not till then, have some chance of impressing these obstinate unbelievers with a true perception of the Christian faith.

Certainly this is sufficiently discouraging.

The first part of this valuable contribution to our colonial history consists of a minute and interesting account of the Cape colony from its discovery and first occupation down to the present time. It would be quite beyond the capacities of a literary journal to trace this narrative, step by step; suffice it to say, that it exhibits a great deal of pains taking research, and is rendered peculiarly amusing by a characteristic style which never permits the attention to flag for a moment, and by the careless freedom with which the author expresses his opinions as he proceeds. His account of the manners and customs of the Hottentots will probably be new to most readers, for it has been derived, as he declares, "from old musty folios, whose venerable and mouldering remains are now seldom disturbed by the student of the present day."

The second volume is occupied with a spirited narrative of the Kaffir war, and with pictures of the interior of the country. "A Waggon March to the Frontier," "Graham's Town, and its Attack by the Prophet Makanna," "Macomo, the Gaika Chief," "Life in the Bush," "The Bivouac," "The Battle Field of the Gwanga," "Cattle Lifting in Kaffir Land," are titles of chapters which promise a fund of entertainment. Nor will the reader be disappointed. We might glean two or three entire *Caricatures* full of interesting passages, and leave much behind we would fain have cited.

It should be added, that the work is embellished with numerous woodcuts, and is very handsomely printed, being, in its "getting up" as creditable to the young and enterprising publisher, as are the contents to the veteran soldier.

Of these we now proceed to present a few specimens, only regretting that, at this busy book-season, we cannot find room for more.

According to Lieut.-Colonel NAPIER, the Kaffirs are a very barbarous people. They are cunning, cruel and superstitious. Here is a specimen:

KAFFIR CRUELITIES.

If a Kaffir chief take a fancy to the wives or herds of one of his dependants, he consults a witch-doctor on the subject. This worthy soon finds out a real or imaginary case of sickness in the tribe. He next conceals, in the cleft of a rock, or under a stone in some remote spot, small pieces of hide—a handful of hair—a few bones, or other similar objects. Having taken these preliminary measures, he goes to his employer, the aforesaid chief, and officially reports that such or such a case of sickness, attributable to witchcraft, has come to his knowledge, whereupon the "Father of the Tribe," with a laudable anxiety to repress so abominable a crime, congregates all his children at a given place. The doctor (in some cases an old woman) attends the gathering, gravely inspects the assembled multitude, and invariably points out, as the culprit, the unfortunate individual whose fat oxen or beauteous wives have excited the cupidity or lust of the great man.

The accused is instantly seized, and desired to declare how he has caused the sickness alluded to? He in vain protests his innocence of the charge, and ignorance of everything relating to it. The doctor is inexorable, and persists in the accusation. The victim is thrown on the ground, his arms and legs are extended, and securely fastened to pickets driven into the earth. The poor wretch's miseries now commence, and are usually borne with the most unflinching endurance. Long needles, used in sewing their karosses, are thrust by dozens into his flesh—yet he still perseveres in averring his innocence. Honey is next brought, with which his face and body are smeared over, and a nest of the large black ant is broken up and thrown upon him. The venomous sting of one of these insects is of itself excruciating; but when myriads are at the same time inflicted, their effect can be more easily imagined than described.

The only virtue of the Kaffir is a stern, stoical fortitude, and that pride in being capable of unshrinkingly bearing pain, which sustains the Cherokee Indian at the stake. The sufferer still stoutly resists every exhortation to admit his guilt; and, *mild expedients* having thus failed, recourse is had to more rigorous measures. A fire is next kindled at his feet, and, lest—by the time they are reduced to seared, smoking, and shapeless stumps—he should continue obdurate, large stones are heated in readiness for the perpetration of further horrors. The poor maimed and tortured wretch, though still disallowing the charge, so far quails beneath his protracted sufferings, which have already lasted for hours, that he entreates for the *coup de grace*—but, *no!* the ends of justice must be fulfilled. By means of forked sticks, the stones now calcined by heat, are taken from the fire, and studiously applied to the most sensitive parts of his body; but the very stones, as it were in pity, glide off the writhing flesh, slipping under the unctuous animal matter drawn by their burning influence from the quivering mass. They are, however, instantly replaced, and kept, by the infernal fiends, against the now crackling, shrivelled, and smoking carcase. Exhausted nature is at her last gasp—life holds by a single thread; but that thread is not allowed to snap, until the "witch doctor" obtains the required avowal from the expiring sufferer. This being at last effected, he is then asked if the proofs of his guilt are not buried in a certain spot? "They are," is the reply. The desired object is thus accomplished; the convicted culprit either dies from the effects of the torture he has undergone; is put out of pain by strangulation; or brained as he lies, by a blow of the "knob kerrie."

The assembled multitude follow the "sage" to a place already previously decided upon by him;—the pretended magic spells, here concealed, are now exposed to view,

the doctor is extolled for wisdom, the chief for his justice—and they both share the spoils of the murdered man!

Now let us see

A KAFFIR CHIEF.

After the parade I was introduced to one of the Kaffir chiefs, rejoicing in the Dutch name of Hermanus—a thick-set, sturdy fellow, rigged out in a jacket and trowsers. On account of some previous dispute with Macomo, he had put himself under British protection; and, like Kama, had joined our party during the war. He spoke Dutch, and a little English, in which language he very urgently expressed a hope that I would order trowsers for his men; but, as I thought they would only be in the way, I limited my promise of clothing, to red nightcaps, check shirts, and jackets; intending to make Highlanders of them. Kama, the other chief, who was absent, is a converted Kaffir; and the reason of his separating from his brothers, Pato and Congo, was—it is said—a point of conscience—he, as a Christian, refusing to have more than one wife; and thereby quarrelling with some chief who wished him to marry his daughter.

Mr. Hermanus and I soon became very great friends. He supplied me with a long vocabulary of Kaffir words, which I wrote down, and his remarks were most amusing. Amongst other things, I asked him what the other Kaffirs would do to him if they caught him during the war? His reply was, by taking up a piece of paper, tearing it into small shreds, and casting them on the ground! I next asked him what was the belief of the Kaffirs? He said they believed in nothing—supposed every existing thing came from nothing, and would go to nothing. Hermanus has four wives, for each of whom he gave from ten to thirty oxen. On telling him that in England we were allowed only one, and had sometimes trouble enough to keep that one in order, he said he always heard English women "were d—d rogues, never work in the fields, and always spend money," but that they knew better how to manage them in Kaffirland; where the "fair" sex plough, sow, and reap, whilst their lords and masters do nothing but bask in the sun, and smoke their pipes.

In the evening, I went with Mr. Russell down the valley where I had seen the cattle and Kaffir huts in the morning; and by the help of my lately acquired learning, purchased a bowl of fresh milk for a piece of tobacco. Hermanus' people were here very busy building their new abodes, which consist of huts about six feet in diameter, and nearly the same height, composed of bent twigs, covered either with straw and cow-dung, or with raw ox-hides, having only one opening for the admission of the inmates, of light, air, and the emission of smoke.

Among other curiosities of the Cape, we are introduced to

MR. CUMMING.

My informant stated Mr. Cumming to be the son of a Scotch baronet; that his love of "wood-craft," and deer-stalking propensities amongst the Highlands, had at an early age got him into serious scrapes, to avoid the consequences of which he went to sea, was for some time in India, then returned home, when his friends obtained for him a commission in the Cape Mounted Rifles.

It appears, however, that the trammels of military restraint ill accorded with the roving disposition of the sporting recruit, who, on being refused, shortly after joining his regiment, permission to absent himself on a shooting excursion into the interior, took "French leave," and, on his return, about a twelvemonth afterwards, found, as might have been expected, that his name had been erased from the Army List.

The course of life he had selected appeared, however, much more adapted to his tastes and habits than the dull routine of parade or drill; and for several years past he is said to have subsisted entirely on the produce of his rifle; returning generally to the Colony after an absence of ten or twelve months, his waggons laden with ivory, skins, and ostrich feathers, by the sale of which, it is believed, he generally realizes several hundred pounds at each trip.

According to some accounts, when on these expeditions, he occasionally adapts himself to the costume as well as the customs of the natives; travelling about, when so minded, quite in Kaffir fashion, without even

the encumbrance of a kaross; but that, when in the Colony, he indulges in the strangest eccentricities of dress, not unfrequently astonishing the natives of Graham's Town with the picturesque habiliments of the middle ages, or of the times of Charles the First.

"He may sometimes do this at Graham's Town," said old Tomlinson, "but I can answer for his having been in the Colony with no other dress than what he was born in—and, by the same token, I was then within an ace of shooting him with that old double-barrelled gun standing there in the corner."

"Send for another bottle of claret, and then, Tomlinson, let us know all about it," said the young ensign who commanded the detachment stationed at the Koonap post.

The ruby beverage being accordingly provided, the old Guardsman's glass was filled, and he began his story somewhat as follows:—

"It was a short time before the outbreak of the present war, when the Kaffirs were beginning to enter the Colony, and to plunder right and left, that I was sitting in the dusk of the evening, smoking my pipe in this very room; I had already—suspecting what would happen,—bricked up and looped the windows as you now see them, which made the place still darker than it otherwise would have been; well, I was quietly sitting, as I said, smoking my pipe, when my little girl runs into the room, in a terrible fright, crying out that a stark naked 'white Kaffir was coming into the house.' I instantly stepped into the next room, to get the old pop-gun there; and, on my return, the supposed Kaffir was in the act of crossing the threshold. My finger was in an instant on the trigger, and another second would have settled his hash, when, just as I was about to let fly, a hearty English laugh made me drop the muzzle, for the Kaffir was no other than Mr. Cumming.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Cumming," says I, "I should not like to have hurt you, but it would have been your own fault, making your appearance in such a fashion, and that too, when you know there are women-folk in the house.

"However, he only laughed the more, and called for something to eat and drink, but, for decency's sake, I made him cover himself with a cloak."

The Hottentots are represented as the lowest in intellect of any family of the human race. But even they have an intelligence with which the most civilized cannot compete. They can educate some faculties to a wonderful extent. As witness,

The facility with which the Hottentot can track his way over the wildest wastes, through the intricacies of the deepest bush, by the light of day, or during the darkness of night, is quite proverbial, and amounts to a sort of natural instinct, which they appear to possess in common with some of the brute creation.

Endowed with the most acute powers of vision, the faintest landmark serves him as an unerring guide. With like facility, he will for miles and miles trace the "spoor," or footstep of either man or beast. Place him once on the "trail," and no bloodhound can follow it more accurately by scent than the Totty will do by sight. A single blade of grass removed from its original direction—the slightest appearance of moisture left by the displacement of even a small pebble—a ruffled leaf on the bush—are all sufficient evidences to direct him in discovering the spoor: by the appearance of which, he will not only be able to tell whether the object of his pursuit has passed within three minutes or three days, but likewise whether his flight has been precipitate or slow—whether he has moved with the confidence of strength, or that dread of detection inseparable from fear, weakness, or guilt.

But we must unwillingly close these volumes, thanking the gallant author for the large store of information and entertainment which he has gathered for us.

GIFT BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

The Nile Boat; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. BARTLETT, Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. 1849.

This superb drawing-table book possesses a

double attraction; it is not only a contribution to art, it is also what such works are but too rarely, a pleasant and instructive volume for the reader. Mr. BARTLETT has, indeed, adopted a plan which other artists would do well to follow. He has travelled with one of those useful pocket machines which produces a pencil at one end, and a pen at the other, and having with a masterly pencil sketched whatever of the wonders and beauties and curiosities of nature and art chanced to present themselves in the course of a voyage down the Nile, he has preserved with his pen a lively and equally graphic description of his adventures, and thus produced a narrative which is made ten times more effective by the illustrations that accompany it, while the interest of the drawings is increased by the pen and ink additions. The season has produced no gift book to compare with this in attractiveness, and it has a permanent value which makes it something more than a mere book of the season. It is a most acceptable contribution to the library.

First, let us glance at the engravings. Of these there are no less than *thirty-five* on steel, with seventeen woodcuts, dispersed among the text. Mr. BARTLETT informs us, in his preface, that many of them are from drawings taken by a *camera lucida*, so that their minute fidelity may be relied upon. They embrace views of all the wonders visible in the neighbourhood of the Nile, exhibiting to us modern Egypt as well as the relics of ancient Egypt. The immense advantage of the use of the *camera*, or of the daguerreotype, in the representations of buildings, is here manifested, for no accuracy of eye, or patience of labour, could enable the unaided artist to catch the actual condition of a structure—the very flaws in the stones, as they are here presented, and from which, therefore, we derive a much more accurate conception of the reality than from the smooth, pretty, perfect playthings of edifices usually exhibited to us by artists, and which are so unlike the originals, that when we come to view the latter, we do not recognize them. For instance, the Sphynx, is drawn here, just as it is, a huge form very considerably battered—rather the worse for wear; but in almost all other pictures of it we have ever seen, it has been drawn with the smoothness and perfection of its youth—as the artist had made it, and not as it was. Mr. BARTLETT has avoided this besetting sin of his profession, and hence another another claim of this volume to the patronage of the public.

A map of Egypt, and a panorama of Alexandria, appropriately open the series of illustrations. Thence we are conducted to Cairo, whose streets, bazaars, mosques and tombs, with an interior of a house, are depicted in succession. Then we are taken across the "Ferry at Ghezeh," and shown the Sphynx and the Pyramids. The map of Thebes, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Hall of Beauty, the Plain of Thebes, the Colossi, Luxor, Karnak, the Temple of Edfou, Philæ and its wonders, and the Temple of Abusimbal are some among the subjects which Mr. BARTLETT has chosen for his pencil.

We must now present a few passages to exhibit Mr. BARTLETT's lively and agreeable narrative.

See what the artist says of

THE SCENERY OF THE NILE.

There is much that is at first amusing even on the lower Nile, though the scenery is, on the whole, somewhat monotonous. The villages of mud huts, embowered in palm groves that line the bank, with their

pretty white minarets, and their noisy babbling crowds of Fellahs,—the glimpses of the vivid green valley and its yellow desert boundary, like life and death startling juxtaposition and contrast,—the sandy shoals covered with pelicans or ibises of brilliant white plumage, large flights of wild fowls and of pigeons from the villages,—the picturesque boats with their gay-coloured passengers,—the men paddling along on rafts of water melons or pottery,—the little thronged cafés under the deep shade of a grove of sycamore and palms,—the creaking "Sakias," or water-wheels used for the purpose of irrigation, all form a sort of slow, moving panorama, which, seen under a brilliant sky, by their lively novelty, serve to amuse for a while the tedium of our noonday progress. Though the characteristics of the scene have never materially changed, the river must have been infinitely more lively in former times, and the boats innumerable, from the state vessels of the kings and principal personages, with their high prows, hieroglyphic inscriptions, banks of oars, and brilliantly painted and richly ornamented sails, down to the ordinary passage boat for the humbler classes. These sails, unlike the present triangular ones, were square, and more safe and manageable. The crowd upon the banks must have been incessant, with chariots and horsemen. Each village then was grouped around its elegant temple amidst groves of palm. The extensive villas of the richer inhabitants, in a style half gay, half grave, with gardens and vineyards—now unknown to Egypt, studied the plain, which was, besides, in a far higher state of cultivation than at the present day. Then there were the costumes of the different castes, and their infinite variety of avocations, to add to the life and beauty of the picture in the Pharaonic ages. A light uncertain breeze sometimes relieved the boatmen from their laborious tracking, but it was not till afternoon that some real stormy puffs indicated the approach of the favouring Etesian breeze. The coming on of the sudden gusts on the Nile is at first very startling and alarming; no action of driving clouds accompanies the squall, the sky above is perfectly serene, but looking across the desert in the direction of the wind, you see tall columns of dust and sand, sometimes six or seven hundred feet in height, whirling sublimely across the desert rapidly crossing the alluvial valley, and nearing the river, till the whole cloud, sweeping off the bank, involves the ruffled surface of the stream in temporary obscurity, and half buries the boat on the leeward side. Without the utmost attention, indeed, there is great danger of suddenly capsizing, as indeed often happens, when the boatmen are too negligent to keep the rope, by which the huge sails are attached to the side, loose in their hand, so as to let it fly if the gust is dangerously violent.

With the afternoon the breeze set in, and we sailed merrily along, passing one or two downward-bound boats, crowded almost to suffocation with a noisy motley crowd, in bright coloured costumes, proceeding to the neighbouring festival at Tanta, in commemoration of the birth of the Seyd Ahmad El-Bedawee, a celebrated Moslem saint; a scene of licence greatly resembling the ancient Egyptian Saturnalia; for the extremes of fanaticism and sensual indulgence are wont to be combined in both ancient and modern instances. Soon after arriving in Cairo, I heard of the loss of one of these very boats in a squall, having, as the rumour went, some two or three hundred persons on board, of whom the greater part went down. But such occurrences, though by no means unfrequent, occasion small concern in a land where the penny-a-line trade in "moving accidents" has no existence, and where coroner's inquests are unknown.

These are his reminiscences of

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE NILE.

The animals chiefly seen on the river's banks, are the camel, ass, and buffalo. The camel, which in the level valley of the Nile attains unusual size and stoutness of limb, is now the common beast of burden, both for agricultural and other purposes. It is singular, says Gliddon, that the introduction of this animal should have been comparatively recent. But it must doubtless have always existed in the interior of Asia, it figured upon the sculptures of Nineveh, although not represented on any Egyptian monuments of the pyramidal period. The horse, though not common on the monuments, appears in use with chariots after the twelfth dynasty.

The Egyptian buffalo is of uncouth, unwieldy appearance, dingy black in colour, the neck set lower than the back, and the head furnished with large flat horns thrown back like those of goats or sheep. Their aspect is sullen and ferocious, but, unless startled, they are perfectly gentle. You see them advancing along the bank with a small boy perched on their hump. They yield a considerable quantity of milk, and subsist on the coarse rushy grass which covers the dry bank of the river. Wilkinson observes, that he has met with no representation of the buffalo among the monuments, but from its being indigenous in Abyssinia and common in the country, he infers that it was not unknown to the ancient Egyptians. Whole herds of these animals are seen, as before stated, in the heat of noon, so immersed in the river, that little but their noses and the tops of their heads are visible; sometimes they slide fairly into it, and have to be rescued by the owner, who, plunging in, directs their heads against the rapid current, until they regain a footing. The ass, which in Egypt is far superior in size and spirit to the neglected breed in Europe, is used for riding by the lower orders of the natives, as well as by all Europeans who are not in the employ of government.

While we thus find on the banks of the Nile animals not represented in the ancient sculptures, we find, on the other hand, that some plants conspicuous there have disappeared. Such is the rose-coloured lotus, the beautiful form of which suggested the elegant shafts and capitals of the columnar architecture; and the invaluable papyrus, the *paper* of the ancient Egyptians. This disappearance has led to the belief that these and other plants found even now in Egypt, were not indigenous in the lower Nile valley, but brought down the Nile from above Ethiopia, or elsewhere, by the former inhabitants of the country.

How graphic is this sketch of

A CAIREEN SHOPMAN.

The Caireen shopman is utterly unlike the same character in a western metropolis. He does but little business, and is in a sort of hurry over it; he has, indeed, some difficulty to kill the time, even with the aid of pipe and prayers. Here is no fear of "tremendous competition," and no danger of an "early closing movement." Every thing jogs on in its old appointed way. The shopman takes his seat on his little carpet in the front of his open shop, fills his pipe, and smokes on steadily. Does a customer approach, another pipe is presented and filled, and at intervals between the puffs, the negotiation is gradually carried forward. The vender begins by asking too much, and the purchaser by offering too little, and by the time the pipe is ended the difference is adjusted, and the bargain concluded "in the name of God." When the sonorous and somewhat mournful cry of the Muezzin thrills from the gallery of some neighbouring minaret through the dusky recesses of the bazaars, the shopkeeper arises, and unconscious of, or at all events indifferent to observation, goes reverentially through the appointed round of prayer and praise. At intervals, perhaps, having no newspaper to keep him alive, he retails with his neighbour, or with a casual passenger, the rumours of the passing hour; or, overcome with drowsiness, takes a quiet nap upon his shopboard. A dish, of "kabobs," pieces of mutton seasoned with herbs, cut small, and cooked on a spit, a glass of water from the itinerant vender, or a cup of coffee from the nearest shop, constitute his daily repast. And thus he contrives to wear away the listless hours till sun-down.

Mr. BARTLETT has added another, but not the least life-like, to our many portraiture of

THE DANCING-GIRLS.

The two dancing-girls who were ministering to the delight of this respectable audience seemed half overcome with the heat, the excitement, and raki, which an old white-bearded fellow from a neighbouring café administered at the end of every dance. They had once been handsome, but were now, though young, decidedly used, worn out with early profligacy, and bedaubed "ad nauseam," with a thick layer of vermilion. Their dress consisted of very large loose trowsers of silk, and a tight-bodied vest open at the bosom, and having long sleeves, with a large shawl wreathed round and supporting their languid figures; they were also profusely decorated with gold coins and bracelets. When I as-

cended to my post of honour, or rather humiliation, they were merely figuring in lazy and somewhat graceful attitudes around the platform, clicking their castanets, and exchanging speaking glances with the hoary sinners around; but on my seating myself, one of them saluted me with a "pas" of such an equally original and unequivocal character, as elicited a burst of laughter and applause from old and young, brought the blood into my cheeks, and made me wish myself anywhere else than where I was. The dance then began; but I am not going, like some travellers, to give, what Byron calls, "a chaste description" of it; suffice it to say, that at first modestly coquettish, it became by degrees the excitement of wanton phrenzy, and at length died away in languor. The points of more salient expression were warmly applauded, both by old and young; none were here ashamed openly to evince, what it is considered more decent to veil, in our own refined community, where the accomplished art of the opera figurante is skilled in throwing a still more dangerous charm of mingled grace and piquancy over the same idea, which, in all its unveiled grossness, forms the characteristic expression of the Egyptian dance. I was not, of course, at all surprised at this; but I had expected, from the description of former travellers (which I cannot help suspecting of exaggeration), far greater elegance in the movements of the dancers; perhaps these might not have been among the most accomplished specimens of the sisterhood. I was glad enough for once to have witnessed the exhibition, but still more content to escape from my post of dishonourable pre-eminence.

And these are

THE WOMEN OF NUBIA.

Arrived at the frontier of Egypt, and entering upon Nubia, we find not only a marked geographical division, but a different race of people. The Nubians are tall and slender in person—far less massive in build than the Theban Arabs. There is something of elegance in their general appearance, and the cast of their features is rather intellectual. They are of a soft dusky black or bronze tint, with a very fine skin, and they delight to oil their bodies, and to load their sable ringlets with unguents anything but odoriferous to the European nose. Their women have often elicited the rapturous remarks of travellers, in whose eyes they move about like so many sable Venuses, realizing the description of our mother Eve, as being when "unadorned, adorned the most," their sole costume, in this serene and glowing climate, being an apron round the middle, and somewhat of the slenderest too, composed of loose thongs of leather decorated with small shells. Thus attired, these dusky beauties come forth from among overshadowing thickets of palm, bearing for sale elegant little baskets woven by them of corn stalks and pieces of bark: while the men produce a warlike array of shields of hippopotamus hide, slender lances, knotted clubs, and other little implements of description, which they are accustomed to make use of in settling their domestic feuds.

The beauty of these women has in truth been somewhat exaggerated, but with regard to the freedom with which it is exhibited, we may quote the remark of Bishop Heber in speaking of the women of India: "How entirely the idea of indelicacy, which would naturally belong to such figures as those now around us if they were white, is prevented by their being of a different colour to ourselves. So much are we children of association and habit, and so instinctively and immediately do our feelings adapt themselves to a total change of circumstances: it is the partial and the inconsistent only which affects us."

Here we must reluctantly pause. This volume is superbly bound in scarlet and gold, and it forms a most appropriate Christmas or New Year's Gift or School Prize.

FICTION.

My Uncle's Legacy: a Novel. By J. BERRY TORR, Esq. In 3 vols. Newby.

THE materials for this novel are of the class which most delight the patrons of the circulating library. There is a plot sufficiently complicated, involved in mystery, with abundance of surprises, a crowd of characters of all degrees of excellence and of villany, and

with a murder to give it zest. Mr. TORR has mingled scenes of country and town, proving his intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants of both; he has studied rural customs, and describes them with great spirit. The composition is lively; the descriptions are singularly vivid, and often powerful; the dialogues are brisk and dramatic, and never drag; there is no occasion to skip a page from beginning to end, so thickly are the incidents introduced, and so few words are wasted.

The scene is laid partly in Devonshire and partly in London. We are not sure that we do not recognize portraits in the pictures from the West. The story turns partly on the adventures of Mary Wildman, the daughter of a Devonshire farmer who was lost on his return from market on a stormy night. A benevolent clergyman undertakes the charge of the orphan, who is thus described.

THE HEROINE.

With a nature naturally refined, she soon took the tone of the new manners by which she was surrounded; yet her mind was too strong in its individuality to suffer her to be smoothed off into the insipidity of a mere well-behaved school-girl. She had a warm heart, ever leading her to remember the healthful, active, unaffected habits of her home; to think of her mother as always too busy in her work, and too plain in her dress, to be quite a lady, in spite of her, now and then, dining with the Rector, and of her brother, whose rough, athletic frame and ruddy cheeks prevented her from forming to herself any of those *beauux idees* of young gentlemen, which too early haunt the seminaries of girls, and which, had she conceived any such, might have one day made the old family scene at Knowlewater appear very unsatisfactory in her eyes. On the contrary, at the end of every succeeding half-year, Mary Wildman returned home with all her former love for country life, for humble people, for early rising, for the green fields and agricultural occupations not only undiminished, but greatly and manifestly increased. It was in these vacation seasons, at midsummer, under the influence of sunny days, mainly passed in field, in wood, or garden, and at Christmas, beside her mother's blazing and hospitable hearth, where brown ale was often drunk in honour of the season, and to the health and happiness of the inmates, that the school-girl inhaled those thoughts and feelings without which the hazardous transplantation of her mind into a kind of soil perfectly different from that in which it had been early nurtured would, probably, have changed her into one of those miserable specimens of forced culture, and incongruous and rickety gentility which we see so often issuing, completely "finished," from almost all of our female schools.

As a specimen of Mr. TORR's portrait painting skill, take this sketch of

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

The three took their stations at a long table, covered with green baize, their faces towards the body of the hall, which was soon filled by the anxious, motley crowd, that had assembled outside. Opposite them, at one end of the board, sat the clerk to the bench; quite a young man, immensely stout, with a pair of quick, speckled looking grey eyes, a full talkative mouth, ready for a speech or a dish of turtle soup, his cheeks prematurely red, and his light, sandy, hair, brushed off his massive forehead, almost in a perpendicular direction, which gave him a certain smart, brisk, impatient look of business. This idea he not a little confirmed by frequently dashing his hand through it with a degree of careless violence that made his shining double chin shake again. Two of the worthy magistrates seemed wholly under the dominion of this practically acute functionary; watching all he did with deep attention, appearing comforted and re-assured by his presence, and his files of books, and receiving from him, occasionally, a familiar wink for their especial encouragement. This habit, however, sometimes gave offence to the Bench, as it was thought to compromise its dignity a little. Still, the superiors dared hardly to scold their clerk, lest he should good-temperedly accept their rebuke, and then take his revenge, by dexterously asking the worthies some legal question which he knew them incapable of answering, or, under the guise of profound respect for their known sagacity, leave his masters to flounder on with their business as they best might, in presence of an amused and sneering auditory.

The chairman of the meeting was a wealthy, tall, lank-looking squire of the neighbourhood, with a singularly unintelligent look of reserved pride in his countenance. Unlike most faces, his lost considerably in the expression of mind when he ventured to speak. The eye seemed plunged in hopeless confusion, the tongue

stumbled over the commonest sentences, and the brow, always deeply wrinkled, now broke up into about a dozen horizontal furrows, which ran half-way back over the partially bald crown of a head, in shape and in comparative size, not very unlike a tolerably large marrowfat pea. It was a head that seemed not to have grown since the magistrate was a child. He had, besides, a sallow complexion, a small, pinched nose, white teeth, indistinct eyebrows, and eyelids so long and drooping, that they invariably wore, in miniature, the furrows of the brow, and effectually concealed from the hasty observer, the expressive light of a pair of pale hazel eyes.

This prominent member of the Bench, usually sat with pointed elbow resting on the table, and the forefinger of his yellow, parchment hand, pressed against his blue-veined temple. He was dressed in a pepper-and-salt coloured coat, cut somewhat after the present Newmarket fashion, adorned with bronze sporting buttons. From the lapelled pocket on his hip, half hung out a green silk pocket-handkerchief, with white spots. His waistcoat was of black cloth, with stand-up collar, like those worn by sergeants-at-law. He displayed a large quantity of shirt-collar above a narrow, brilliantly-dyed cravat, and a sufficiency of white linen at the wristbands, where the coat sleeve was left unfastened to allow it to appear. As a finishing touch to this figure, we must mention that which gave it a peculiar character, namely, a degree of military stiffness, said to have been acquired by some years' service in the army, when or where, few persons knew or cared to inquire. It is enough to say, that the worthy magistrate called himself a major, and that the circle of his country acquaintance courteously recognized the title.

The second magistrate on the Bench, was the vicar of a small rural parish in the neighbourhood. An ill-dressed, slovenly-looking man, habited in the professional costume of black clothes and white cravat; the clothes worn rusty and the cravat badly tied, and considerably soiled with snuff. By the perpetual use of this article, his voice had become monotonously thickened, at the same time that his complexion led to the suspicion of his having indulged somewhat freely with the glass. He had a shining, bald head, cold, grey eyes, and a nose so hooked that it resembled the beak of a bird of prey, rather than accorded with that outline of the feature which is called Roman. His general demeanour towards the tall squire, was that of a toady, but, when he could depend on obtaining the support of the clerk of the Bench, and especially whenever he caught the chairman involved in a difficulty, he would most unceremoniously bully him, always, however, taking care not to allow the proceedings of the day to close, without again making peace with his patron, by some piece of transparent, fulsome flattery. In stating the details of business, and in addressing those whom he deemed his inferiors, he spoke in that loud, curt tone of voice, which characterized his pulpit eloquence, and that invariably led the hearer to the conviction that the minister had long been accustomed to appeal to some far off deity.

The person who completed this magisterial trio, differed essentially from his brethren. He was a man of large frame and powerful intellect, which expressed itself signally, on a high, full forehead, gave firmness and will to the expression of a mouth naturally loose, and even sensual, in its conformation, and moulded into impressive dignity, many, noble lines of countenance which bounded other features. His hair was grey, and still abundant, his eye severe, but withal kind. The muscles of the capacious face, seemed, from time, gravitating towards the hanging chin, but the firm, high nose, was yet unshaken, and the hard jaw appeared to defy the inroads of increasing years. His voice was stentorian, and made the air vibrate to a hundred different fine modulations of tone and expression. He was an energetic and an eloquent man—a man of business and a lawyer. How dry and inane appeared the squire beside him; how contemptible the self-satisfied parson! He alone, of all the three, could uphold the weight of justice; he filled the seat—from him justice must flow—if it were to flow at all—on the present unusual occasion.

The circulating libraries will find this novel rarely sleeping upon their shelves. It is sure to be in extensive demand from the numerous lovers of the true romance.

Windsor Castle: a Historical Romance. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

ONE of the most remarkable features in the literary history of our time is the adoption, by even our foremost

writers, of the cheap form of publication in preference to the costly one. The tide has fairly set in and cannot now be turned. BULWER, DICKENS, PRESCOTT, have set the example: the *Parlour Library* proved the possibility of profitably issuing neat editions of first-rate novels for a shilling, and now we see Mr. JAMES and Mr. AINSWORTH both following the example and republishing their works at the same small price. And they are right. They will find that, with such popularity as theirs, the profit upon a shilling edition will be greater than could be commanded by the three-volumed thirty-shilling edition. The reason is obvious. Circulating libraries only purchase the latter, but readers would prefer to pay a shilling to possess a novel which they must give ninepence merely to borrow, and so they buy instead. Hence it is that, already, "Tenth Thousand" appears upon the title page of this first volume of the promised shilling series of Mr. AINSWORTH's works. It is, also, very much better printed than many books of the same cheap class, and it is introduced by an interesting memoir of the author. It is enough for the fact to be known that such a publication exists, to secure for it an enormous sale.

Only. By the author of "How to Catch a Sunbeam." London: Wright. 1849.

THE purpose of this charming little story is to teach the importance of trifles. "The conclusion points the moral." The elder Vernon's life had been a lesson to all who knew him, and never did they who surrounded him forget it; they never ceased to remember that 'ONLY' had been the rock on which his richly-freighted bark of happiness was wrecked, and carefully avoided it; and he never lost an opportunity of impressing on them that trifles summed up make at last a heavy total; that the best ambition was, not to be envied by their fellow creatures for their wealth and influence, but respected by them for having thoroughly practised the high precept, to 'Owe no man anything'; ever bearing in mind that a day will come when all will be expected to 'give an account of their stewardship.'

Madeleine: a Tale. By JULES SANDEAU. London: Slater.

AN excellent translation of an extremely beautiful tale, little known to English readers, but which may now be enjoyed by all, for it has been added to Mr. SLATER's singularly cheap and convenient *Universal Series*.

POETRY.

The Tragedies of Æschylus, literally translated, with Critical and Illustrative Notes, and an Introduction. By THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY. B.A., of Christchurch, Oxford. London: Bohn.

THE new volume of Bohn's *Classical Library*. The translation appears to be very faithful, without stiffness, and it is improved by a mass of valuable notes, explanatory of difficulties in the text.

The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant. London: Clarke and Co.

THIS elegant little pocket edition of America's best poet, whose fame is not less in England than in his native land, is admirably adapted for a cheap and yet most acceptable Christmas gift.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Tenth Part of Miss Martineau's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace,—a continuation of *Knight's Pictorial History*,—carries on the history from the year 1840 to the beginning of the year 1843. It displays yet more prominently the qualities of impartiality and painstaking inquiry into the truth, usually so overlaid by the mingled heap of laudation and vilification flung upon it by the party-spirit of the moment for which we had occasion to commend it when we reviewed at some length the first volume. It appears, from a notice affixed, that this valuable history of modern England is to be completed in two more parts.

The National Library of Select Literature. Part

11, published by Mr. C. KNIGHT, continues Dr. KITTO's *Bible History*, which will be a most acceptable contribution to the Sunday library, conveying a vast quantity of information that will materially assist the study of the Scriptures. It is profusely illustrated with very good wood engravings.

The Theologian and Ecclesiastic, for December, contains many powerful articles, among which that on "The French Church and English Travellers" will be read with great interest.

The 24th part of *Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and Physical and Political Geography*, contains coloured maps of the Eastern Hemisphere, the world, as in Mercator's Projection, and a curious and most useful "View of the Comparative Lengths of the Principal Rivers and Heights of the Principal Mountains." The letter-press adds greatly to the value of this novel Atlas, which might be advantageously used in schoolrooms.

The Second Part of Mr. GOSTICK's *German Literature, in Chambers's Instructive Library*, completes the work, which forms a sort of analysis or short history of the literature of Germany down to the present time; translated extracts from the works of the various authors being introduced.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Part 35 advances to the word "Pine-Apple," and it is now certain that it will be completed within the limits originally assigned, and when complete it will be the cheapest Cyclopædia ever published in any country.

Con Cregan, No. 12, continues this amusing story with all the fun and frolic that is conventionally attached to Irish life. The illustrations are admirable: very superior to those in DICKENS's work.

The Cottage Gardener, for November, and *Paxton's Magazine of Gardening and Botany*, for December, published by ORR & Co., are addressed to different classes of Horticulturalists. The former is what its name implies. The latter has higher aims, and is embellished with coloured engravings. Both are, however, thoroughly practical.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for December, preserves its respectable deportment and its grave antiquarian lore. It is embellished with two engravings of Stonehenge. Among the topics of this number are some curious "Accounts of Sir Thomas Horde, Knight, in the 17th Century;" "A Memorial of Mrs. Susanna Coningsby, in 1710;" an essay on the "Composition of Latin Inscriptions;" a collection of "Anecdotes, Criticisms," &c., by Mrs. H. L. PROZIR; and a paper on "Tradesmen's Tokens." There are also the usual valuable Necrologies, Historical Records, and Review of Books and Art.

The Land we Live in, Part 28 is devoted to the subject of North Wales, the beauties of which are not only delineated in a series of woodcuts in the first style of art, but by a steel engraving of Llanberis, and a letter-press description, written by one who has a soul for the picturesque and power of painting it in words. This work is the most valuable contribution to our national topography which has yet issued from the press.

Parts 32 and 33 of *The Works of Shakspeare*, illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS, and exquisitely printed on the finest paper, complete the Sonnets, and almost conclude a volume which will be an acquisition to the drawing-room table if clothed in binding worthy of the perfections within.

No. 122 of *Illustrations of Useful Plants*, by M. A. BURNETT, contains coloured engravings after nature of the "Goat's-Foot Wood-Sorrel," and the "Cumin," with letter-press description of the botanical character and uses in the arts.

The British Gazetteer, Part 8, is by far the most complete work of its kind that has ever been attempted. It gives the location and description of every place, its distance from London and the principal places that surround it; the means of access to it; the postal arrangements; its history and antiquities; its clerical appointments; its political and municipal arrangements; its rated valuation; its inns and hotels; its bankers; its markets, fairs, and races; its local newspapers; and to these are added, accompanying the part before us, two large Maps of Lancashire and Hampshire, and two steel engravings, one of the Etherow Viaduct, near Manchester, the other of the Great Tubular Bridge across the Menai Strait. This part advances the Gazetteer as far as the word "Childrey."

The Peoples' and Howitt's Journals, for December. Thus united and converted into a monthly magazine, there is a great accession of interest. It presents the novel feature of no less than four highly-finished engravings, in addition to the usual variety of literary matter, selected with good taste, and conveying wholesome teachings. The "Annals of the People's Progress," gathered every month, are especially interesting.

Eliza Cook's Journal, for November, contains some powerful articles by the Editress and her immediate friends. We are glad to notice among the contributors, our occasional correspondent Mr. E. H. BURRINGTON. He will be a valuable accession to Miss Cook's corps. An excellent spirit pervades this periodical, and it improves with every successive number.

The Dublin University Magazine, for December, opens with an elegant essay by Mr. HEALEY on "The last Days of Mirabeau." There is also a remarkable article on "The Durni Afflatus of the Hindoos," of which many curious instances are narrated. "Purchased Love," is a sweet story, beautifully told. Sirr's "China and the Chinese," and a "Batch of New Novels" are the subjects of the reviews of the month. There are many other papers of merit which it is not necessary to particularize.

Frank Fairleigh. Part 12 has the double attraction of a very interesting story, and illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, as he only can illustrate.

The Family Herald for December, contains the wonted variety of tales, facts, charades, poetry, and curious answers to curious questions, from very queer correspondents.

The British Colonies, their History, Extent, Condition, and Resources. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Esq. Parts 5 and 6. Tallis.—We have before described the aim and scope of this serial. The editor's promises are being amply fulfilled. A work of greater solidity, or that is compiled with greater care, we have not seen. The portraits and maps are executed in a superior manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The English Gentleman. London: George Bell. 1849. pp. 152.

WE very much doubt whether mere books will teach any man how to become a gentleman, if he has not acquired that character already; but they may be useful as monitors to the young, whose habits are not yet confirmed, and to whom the advice has therefore not come too late. It is for the latter that the present work has been written; and, though its pretensions are extremely humble, it is one of the best books of its class that we have yet met with. Originally written for the use of the author's younger brothers, it was afterwards published in *The Theologian*, and is "now reprinted," as he states, with a sort of modest confidence, "under the idea that no work can be obtrusive which tends, however remotely, to build up the English character on sound principles"—a not very audacious plea, which may be received with the saving clause, that the execution of such a design must possess some literary merit. We are happy to see that the book before us is entitled to this moderate commendation. It is written in a smooth and pleasing style, and what it wants in nervousness of thought and force of expression, is in some degree compensated for by the earnestness, as well as the sound sense, with which it is pervaded. The subject is one to which many writers would have addressed themselves by first mounting their stilts; but our author aims at a less exalted style; and if his readers will not be gratified by rolling periods and lofty diction, neither will they be offended by any turgid and unmeaning declamation. It is the work of one of those calm and intense natures which grow nowhere so abundantly as on our native soil of England. On the other hand, the defect of the book, in point of style, is its tendency to diffuseness in the treatment of the subject. If no topics are actually introduced which have not some business there, there are some bearing only secondarily on the main argument, on which the author allows himself to expatiate at a length which is out of all proportion to their relative pertinence. He seems, indeed, to be not quite unconscious of this; for he now and then attempts to give his composition an air of conciseness by sprinkling a few short and laconic sentences over his page; in which, however, while seeking to express his meaning concisely, he succeeds only in expressing it incompletely or ungrammatically. Of this there are numerous instances in all the four parts of the essay. Perhaps to the same motive we may ascribe his arbitrary punctuation, which we may be forgiven for alluding to. The following is his list of some aristocratic vices:—"Public Venality. An utter prostration of high principle in private life. Political duplicity. Intrigue, and profligacy in its most hateful forms. Insincerity; heartlessness; irreligion."

Now here we have various nouns with their qualify-

ing adjectives, standing by themselves in separate sentences, without any affirmation whatever, which every English sentence ought to contain. "Public Venality" is no sentence, and the mere mechanical expedient of vicious punctuation will not make it so. This may seem a minute point to refer to, but transgressions of this kind are now becoming exceedingly common, even in some of our ablest works, and ought not to pass unnoticed by critics who wish to sustain the purity of composition as well as the correctness of thought of our contemporary authorship.

In the sentiments of our author we generally coincide. His definition of a gentleman, as one who is "distinguished by high and honourable feelings, which receive a lustre and a grace from the polished manner which accompanies them;" so far as it goes will be objected to by few, but that nearly extinct species with whom it means only a person whose family has borne, for so many generations, the heraldic insignia of his ancestry. But we think it might go further than it does, and we are glad to perceive that, in elaborating his views, the author contends for far more than his definition in so many words expresses.

The gentlemanly character, as we conceive it, is simply the modern exemplification of the knightly character, modified by the times, and accommodated to our altered social features. There is in the one the same high courage as in the other, though in the gentleman it is of an altogether calmer order, and takes rather the character of self-possession—a courage which consists more in the quiet consciousness of strength than in any feverish desire to display it, and is quite satisfied to await the ordinary course of events, and meet the perils of real life with fearless front, than to seek them in any extraordinary course of adventure. There is also the same generous enthusiasm in behalf of the injured, the suffering, and the oppressed, which characterized the mediæval chivalry; but it, too, seeks its gratification far more in ministering relief to afflictions which lie at the very door, than in seeking out those which are romantic, imaginary, and remote. The character of an English gentleman, in fact, in our conception of it, is only the rarest combination of moral intrepidity and of benevolence—virtuous resolution on the man's own part, and compassionate respect for the weakness and the sensitiveness of others, especially of her whose weakness and sensitiveness, and reliance on our greater strength, constitutes her great claim to our love and protection, as well as her own most lasting attraction—we mean, woman. The principal merit of our author, accordingly, lies in this, that he has vindicated the principles of true gentlemanliness in opposition to those of mere etiquette, and has given so distinct and emphatic an expression to the doctrine that the mere manners no more make the gentleman than they do the man. They are the general concomitant of that fine combination of manly and amiable qualities; but a gentleman once, is, in his view, a gentleman always, and can no more put off that character at will than he can the features of his face; and this, we hold, is a truth which it is most necessary to impress on the minds of all men, and, above all, young men. For every reader must have frequently met with persons whose coarseness or violence of conduct might well occasion disgust, yet, for whom there is ever urged the ready excuse: "Oh! but really he can be a gentleman when he likes." Now, if there be an unfailing characteristic and test of a gentleman, it is, his possession of a regard for the sensibility of others, combined with a chivalrous sense of honour, and scorn of all mean sentiments and actions; and this is wholly inconsistent with even any occasional coarseness of the kind we have mentioned. For the actions which are habitual are those which indicate the true character: those which we only observe in certain restraining circumstances, where the individual is in a manner fettered by the opinion of bystanders, and on his guard, are rather the cloak donned for the occasion, either with a view to ornament or concealment. To say that a man "can be a gentleman when he likes" is, in point of fact, to say that he is not in heart and true character a gentleman at all, but that on certain occasions, when it suits his purpose, and is in consistency with his line of policy, he can put on the garb of good manners which gentlemen ordinarily wear. Yet, with singular self-contradiction, we laugh to scorn the man who lays claim to this character on the ground of the quality of his coat or the splendour of his jewellery. For him, indeed, we have no terms too scornful. He is

the object of universal laughter, and is the butt of even the poorest, barrenest, and most mechanical of wits; but it would be well to ask ourselves if, while straining at this miserable gnat, we do not often swallow, with complacent ease, a much more monstrous animal? We therefore thank the writer of this work for so explicitly exposing the folly and the falsehood of this most common but most palpable of our social fictions.

We cannot be expected, of course, to agree with all that he advances on subordinate points. For instance, in explaining, in the First Part, the principles of a gentleman, he makes it a *sine quâ non* that he should have a deep sense of religion, and a firm faith in Christianity. Now this, we conceive, is stretching matters to an extreme to which all experience and common sense give a distinct denial. There are men who are unfortunately *not* believers, but of each of whom it might be truthfully said, that "he is every inch a gentleman;"—men who have that polish of manners, that high sense of honour, that spirit of benevolence, that chivalry of sentiment, and that manly courage, which we have already marked out as the proper tests of this character. That a Christian gentleman is the *highest style* of gentleman, we are, indeed, happy to acknowledge; and that, in the exceptional cases we have referred to, even men who are not avowed Christians may owe something to the holy creed and system in which they desire no part for themselves, we also readily admit. For every man's character is modified by a multitude of secret influences of which he has no suspicion, and among these a most important place is to be assigned to the prevalence, in this Christian country, of a religious faith which has taken strong hold of public opinion and mysteriously interwoven itself with all our national and domestic relations and sympathies. Had this been all that our author meant, we should have most cordially gone along with him; but we think he means much more than this.

With the exception, however, of a few trifling errors of exaggeration, the sentiments of the book are such as we can in general endorse; and it is a favourable circumstance, that even its faults are those of a man who has only taken his subject too much to heart, and, like the failings of a good man, always lean to virtue's side. On the whole, the book is very much such an one as we should wish to place in the hands of a son of our own on his reaching the age to require it; and, as we are now on the eve of the gift-bestowing season, we may venture to predict that many much less elegant and less useful presents than this will be placed in the hands of the young. We dismiss it with the wish that its sale may be more in proportion to its merits than to the modesty of its pretensions.

The Stud: for Practical Purposes and Practical Men. By HARRY HIEOVER, author of "The Pocket, and the Stud." London: Longman and Co. 1849.

A THOROUGHLY practical treatise on the rearing, training, and management of horses, adapted to the comprehension of the owners of horses, and relieved from the mystical jargon of the veterinary surgeon. HARRY HIEOVER has stated in plain English the results of his long experience, and no point in the care of the steed escapes his notice. This little volume should not only be read by all who possess horses and value them, but they should place it in the hands of their grooms, and they should be required to read it also.

Slater's Home Library. Sweethearts and Wives. A Tale. By T. S. ARTHUR.

Christmas: its History and Antiquity. London: Slater.

Two little cheap works, one a well-written tale, abounding in excellent moral lessons, the other an essay appropriate to the season, familiarly describing all that belongs to the glad time now so nigh.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

Conversations with Goethe in the Latter Years of his Life. (Gespräche mit Goethe, &c.) By JOHN PETER ECKERMANN. Part 3. Magdeburg: Heinrichshofen; London: Dulau.

THE appearance of the third volume of ECKERMANN'S

Conversations with GOETHE has been long expected, and looked forward to with undiminished interest, although eleven years have elapsed since the publication of the first portion of the work. The first two volumes have been justly considered to hold the first place among the many books which have appeared professing to give details of the social history of the great author. Mr. ECKERMANN'S position as literary assistant, and, subsequently, intimate friend and confidant of his patron, gave him every opportunity of studying his sentiments, and faithfully recording the conversations which passed between them. The vigour and natural freshness of tone which pervade the colloquial part of the work, greatly attest the truthfulness of the expressions attributed to GOETHE, and, moreover, our author says, that he was in the habit of carefully noting down the subjects discussed, and frequently the very language employed by GOETHE, while the impression was still fresh upon his mind.

The reason assigned by M. ECKERMANN for the tardy completion of the present volume is, that he has not found the same ready information afforded by his diary, but has had to depend upon his memory, which he could not always command. His conscientious desire to transcribe nothing but that which, upon the maturest consideration, he could feel had been the meaning or language of his friend, had deterred him from concluding his work before he had exhausted his reminiscences and sifted their accuracy. We can see no reason to doubt the truth of these assertions. The volume goes far to confirm them, and as the popularity which the former volumes enjoyed could leave no anxiety as to the favourable reception of the remaining portion, the author might have speedily accomplished his task had he been disposed to resort to the summary process of filling his book with invented thoughts and conversation.

The delay, then, deserves to be viewed as a guarantee of the good faith and honourable intentions by which M. ECKERMANN has been actuated; it confers additional value on his work, and entitles him to the thanks and commendation of the literary world. It would be well if biographers would more frequently follow his example. The lives and memoirs of great men would then, indeed, form a valuable library; their memories would be spared the injury of misrepresentation and a real benefit would be conferred upon posterity.

The present volume, owing to the comparative paucity of materials above alluded to, contains accounts of occurrences in which M. ECKERMANN had a share, and took an active part with his patron. We do not at all regret that he should have come forward more prominently, for it gives variety to the narrative, and affords a greater insight into the author's character, while enabling us to judge of his ability and sterling good qualities, and to appreciate the value of his labours. We cannot doubt but the concluding Conversations with Goethe will enjoy as full a share of popularity as their predecessors.

ART.

The Art-Journal for December. London: Virtue.

LANDSEER'S two companion pictures in the Vernon Gallery, *Low Life and High Life*, are the special attractions of this number; they are engraved in the first style of art, and a few years ago would have been charged at least a guinea a piece. Here we have them—with a third large steel engraving of WESTMACOTT'S *Statue of the Distressed Mother*, and numerous woodcuts, illustrating "Medieval Art," and "Art Manufactures," with original essays and the intelligence of the progress and doings of Art throughout all Europe,—for half-a-crown. Undoubtedly, considering its merit, it is the cheapest periodical in the world.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ONE of the four bas-reliefs of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square has been placed in its position in the pediment, and has been shown to a select few. The subject is the Death of Nelson,—the sculptor is Mr. Carew,—and the position is that facing Parliament Street. The story is simply told—the modelling is generally good, and the casting perfect. The other reliefs are in progress.—The *Times*' Roman Correspondent states, that "a semi-colossal marble statue of a wrestler, of surpassing beauty, has been found in the Frantevere. The bronze horse is in so dilapidated a condition that it requires to be supported by props on every side, in the chamber allotted to it in the capitol, and the head alone retains the full perfection of its form; but the marble statue is in the most admirable

state of preservation, and the only restoration necessary to be made was that of a small bit of the nose, which has been added in the most delicate manner by M. Zerenani. Were not my opinion strengthened by all the great artists now in Rome, and by personal friends whose reputation in the fine arts is acknowledged, I should scarcely venture to speak of this statue as I am about to do; but I cannot find language too flattering to bestow on it, and I will boldly say that, if not superior, it is at least equal to the Apollo Belvidere."

At the Louvre new galleries have just been set apart for the reception of sundry works of art of Ancient Greece, which have either been recently brought to France, or have hitherto been kept in lumber rooms, or damp court-yards, unknown or disregarded.—The modern pictures of the gallery of M. Alfred Mosselman have been sold by auction at the Salle, in the rue des Jeuneurs. The high prices realized show that the maintenance of order has been favourable to the arts. Amongst the pictures sold were the following:—A Marine Piece, by Schöthel, 2,550*fr.*; the Descent of the Bohemians, by Diaz, 3,000*fr.*; a Flower Piece, by Saint Jean, 5,250*fr.*; Francis I. and the Duchess d'Étampes, by Bonington, 6,700*fr.*; and the Corps de Garde, by Meissonier, 8,800*fr.*—The *Athenæum* states the following interesting facts, which we copy, not on account of the sentiments and the opinions that accompany them:—

"The capriciousness of success in the publication of engravings has been strikingly illustrated during the past and the present season. The noble line engraving, by Mr. J. H. Robinson, from Wilkie's fine picture of 'Napoleon and the Pope' has sold so indifferently that the sale has been barely sufficient to pay for the expense of printing the impressions. It is not likely, therefore, ever to remunerate its publisher, for either copyright or cost of engraving. This belongs to the past season. In the present season we find the print of 'We Praise Thee, O God' refused by half a dozen London houses, and when published by the artist on his own account, selling as largely as any print has ever sold in this country. We will not venture to repeat the number of impressions that have been bought by the public of this somewhat namby-pamby performance. As a work of Art it is very inferior to the 'Napoleon and the Pope'; but it has caught the religious feeling of the country—while it represents not untruly the sense of Art among the people who are buyers, not in London alone, but throughout the provinces."

Mr. Etty has been buried at St. Olave's, Marygate, York. The local papers describe at length the marks of respect shown to the memory of the great artist. A call has been made through *The Yorkshireman*, for a subscription towards a monument to him in the Minster. Meantime, Mr. Noble, of London, is engaged in modelling a bust of the lamented artist.

MUSIC.

The Marriage of Figaro (Le Nozze di Figaro). A Lyric Comedy, adapted from the French of Beaumarchais. By the ABBE DA PONTE, and rendered into English from the Italian, by J. WREY MOULD. The music composed by W. A. MOZART, revised from the Orchestral Score. By W. S. ROCKSTRO. London: Boosey and Co.

THIS is another volume of Messrs. BOOSEY'S valuable *Standard Lyric Drama*, and exhibits all the merits which we have noticed in the two volumes previously reviewed. It opens with a short memoir of MOZART, and then proceeds to give an account of the opera itself, which, it seems, was composed expressly at the request of the Emperor JOSEPH, and a very interesting account of its first representation has been preserved by MICHAEL KELLY, which we extract:

All the original performers had the advantages of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I shall never forget his little animated countenance when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius, it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening: he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my Opera,—you shall hear it." We sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet sung by Count Almaviva, and Susan, *Crudel perché fenora*. A more delicious *morceau* never was framed by man; and it has often been a source of pleasure to me to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly-gifted composer.

I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to

the orchestra. Figaro's song *Non più andrai*, Bennice gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating "Bravo, bravo, Bennice," and when Bennice came to the fine passage, *Cherubino, alla Vittoria, alla gloria militare*, which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo, bravo, maestro! *Viva, viva, grande Mozart!*" Those in the orchestra I thought never would have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished marks of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him. The same need of approbation was given to the finale at the end of the second act. That piece of music alone, in my opinion, if he had never composed anything else, would have stamped him as the greatest master of his art.

In the sextetto, in the third act (which was Mozart's favourite piece of the whole opera), I had a very conspicuous part, as the Stuttering Judge. All through the piece I was to stutter; but in the sextetto, Mozart requested I would not, for, if I did, I should spoil his music. I told him that, though it might appear very presumptuous in a lad like me to differ with him on this point, I did, and was sure the way in which I intended to introduce the stuttering would not interfere with the other parts, but produce an effect; besides, it certainly was not in nature that I should stutter all through the part, and when I came to the sextetto speak plain; and after that piece of music was over, return to stuttering, and I added (apologising at the same time for my apparent want of deference and respect in placing my opinion in opposition to that of the great Mozart), but unless I was allowed to perform the part as I wished, I would not perform it at all. Mozart at last consented that I should have my own way, but doubted the success of the experiment. Crowded houses proved that nothing ever on the stage produced a more powerful effect, the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The Emperor repeatedly cried out "Bravo!" and the piece was loudly applauded and encoored. When the opera was over, Mozart came on the stage to me, and shaking me by both hands, said "Bravo, young man, I feel obliged to you, and acknowledge you to have been in the right and myself in the wrong." There was certainly a risk run, but I felt within myself I could give the effect I wished, and the event proved that I was not mistaken. I have seen the opera in London and elsewhere, and never saw the Judge portrayed as a stutterer; and the scene was often totally omitted. I played it as a stupid old man, though at the time I was a beardless stripling.

At the end of the opera, I thought the audience would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart. Almost every piece was encoored, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue an order, on the second representation, that no piece of music should be encoored. Never was anything more complete than the triumph of Mozart and his *Nozze di Figaro*, to which numerous overflowing audiences bear witness.

There are few operas which contain so much good music and which so improve upon acquaintance. It is perhaps, MOZART'S *chef d'œuvre*. The melodies are exquisite, and are always heard with ever fresh delight. The profusion and richness of the airs peculiarly recommend it to the amateur, and hence this edition of it will be heartily welcomed wherever there is a pianoforte.

This history of the opera is followed by an excellent translation of the libretto, by Mr. J. WREY MOULD. Then a thematic Index is given, and then the overture, succeeded by the entire score of the opera, adapted throughout for the pianoforte; not a recitation, an air, or a chorus omitted, and the words being subjoined, both in English and Italian, for the accommodation of those who may not be familiar with the latter language.

In this shape it forms a handsome volume of 360 quarto pages, not merely an ornament, but an invaluable acquisition to the musical library.

NEW INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Boosey's Library of Music for all Classes. No. 1.
London: Boosey and Co.

THIS library of music is intended to give to the musical public the best music of all times and countries, collected in a convenient form, at a very trifling price. The first number will show what may be anticipated

from it. It contains the overtures to *Figaro*, *Freischütz*, *Barbiere*, and *Don Juan*, arranged for the pianoforte, by Mr. ROCKSTRO. Four entire overtures for half-a-crown! Could not Mr. BOOSEY publish a similar collection of vocal music, containing the *Beauties of Song* of all times and countries down to our own day? the really popular productions which have been always admired and will live; to include the best of our modern composers, as *Moore's Melodies*, and the gems of BISHOP, HORN, BARNETT, and BALFE. We know of nothing that would be so popular, if carefully edited and sold at a small price, so as to be within the attainment of all who possess an instrument. What a valuable four or five volumes might thus be gathered. But nothing should be admitted which is not thoroughly good, nor which has not already obtained fame; and above all, nothing original. It should be really a gathering of the beauties of the great composers of vocal music, and include sacred as well as song music: separately pagged so as to bind in distinct volumes.

HORN'S ORATORIO.—DANIEL'S PREDICTION.

CECELIAN SOCIETY, MOORGATE-STREET, LONDON WALL.—This society, with the additional aid of Miss THORNTON, Mr. LAND, Mr. PURDAY, and Mr. HARPER, sen., performed, the late C. E. HORN'S Oratorio, *Daniel's Prediction*, to one of the fullest audiences ever collected within its walls; although no unusual attempt was made to give publicity to their intention. The Oratorio had been in rehearsal several weeks before the intelligence of the composer's death reached England. As it may be interesting to know the circumstances under which this Oratorio was produced, we have been favoured with the following particulars:—During Mr. HORN'S last sojourn in England, he used frequently to call at the Music Warehouse of Mr. Z. T. PURDAY, in Holborn, and seeing a very fine portrait of Mr. PURDAY one day, he inquired after the artist, who proved to be Mr. PURDAY'S niece, the second daughter of Mr. C. H. PURDAY; this induced Mr. HORN to offer him a composition, in lieu of money, for a portrait of himself, which was accepted, and the work was begun immediately; and, ultimately, a most admirable and faithful portrait, in oil, Kit-cat size, was the result. During the progress of the picture, Mr. C. H. PURDAY was frequently present at the sitting, keeping HORN in lively conversation; and on one occasion the libretto of *Daniel's Prediction*, the words taken principally from HANNAH MORE'S Drama of *Belshazzar*, but somewhat altered, and much cut down, and an occasional piece or two added by Mr. C. H. PURDAY, was read by him to Mr. HORN, who appeared to take much interest in the story, and asked if he might take it home and read it himself. This was done; and when Mr. HORN came for another sitting, a discussion took place as to the propriety of Mr. HORN'S entering the lists against HANDEL and SPOHR, who had both set the same subject; HORN supposing that people might deem it a piece of presumption in him to attempt such a work after such men. This idea, however, was combated by Mr. PURDAY in asking HORN to read the librettos of HANDEL and SPOHR, stating that he would find them totally distinct; and by saying to HORN, "You are not a very likely person to copy either HANDEL or SPOHR; if you do the work, it will be purely HORN." This seemed to satisfy his scruples, and he set about the matter of composition with evident zest, often declaring in the progress of it, that it interested him so much, as frequently to make him careless of everything else, scarcely allowing himself time for his meals.

Mr. C. H. PURDAY had completely planned the work, placing at the head of each portion what he deemed the character of the composition should be, and for what particular voice; what should be solo, duet, trio, quartet, and chorus. This plan HORN implicitly followed. He was altogether about six months over the work, performing a portion of it at a time, with the aid of some friends, at the house of Mr. REID, the pianoforte maker in Baker-street; and the whole, although but imperfectly, in consequence of being got up too hurriedly, for his own benefit, on the 19th of May, 1847, at Music Hall, Store-street. Finding the difficulty of producing a work of this magnitude, without a very large pecuniary risk, as it ought to be done, Mr. HORN, immediately after his own performance, offered the score and parts to the Sacred Harmonic Society of Exeter Hall, which offer was declined on account of their having made up their bill of fare for the season. About five or six months ago, Mr. PURDAY made a similar offer to the same society, stating in his letter that he did not ask them to perform the work, but merely to give it a rehearsal, when, if they liked it, and should

agree to bring it out before the public, he would furnish them with all the parts necessary, at his own cost and charge. To this letter Mr. PURDAY has never had any reply. So much for the history of this work. Now, as to its performance at the Cecelian Society. The parties did their best to produce it with all the effect their means allowed of, and from the manner in which it was received, we augur well of its reception under more favourable circumstances; there is that about the oratorio which will make it popular with the multitude, viz., plenty of beautiful melody; and there is sufficient of science in it to make the work an ornament and an honour to British Art. HORN has shown his capacity for good choral effect, as well as his genius in instrumentation. He does not make his singers more prominent than his orchestra, there being obligato parts for violin, violoncello, horn, &c., &c., sufficient to give an interest to all concerned. We have the authority of Sir GEORGE SMART in pronouncing that "if this work were got up with the care it deserves, it would be one of the most popular works ever brought before the musical world."

THE LATE CHARLES HORN.

WE understand it is the intention of some of HORN'S friends to get up a performance of a selection of his works, for the benefit of his two sisters, one of whom was entirely dependant upon him for her support, the other is a widow, struggling to obtain a livelihood by teaching; we have but little doubt of the public sympathy in favour of so laudable an object; and most heartily second such a work of benevolence. We are told that the assistance of BRAHAM, Madame VESTRIS, Madame CARADORI, and the *élite* of the profession will be given on the occasion. In our last print we gave a short biographical account of this distinguished musician; since which we have seen some further particulars in the *New York Message Bird*, which redound as much to the honour of brother Jonathan as to the talent of the composer.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE Theatres are busily engaged in preparing for their Christmas entertainments, so that we have few novelties to announce.

THE PRINCESS'S has, however, produced a new opera, entitled *Mina*, composed by Signor SCHIRA, and, we believe, his first production. The story is taken from Swedish history, in the time of GUSTAVUS VASA. It is slight but effective, and is thus told by a contemporary. The principal character is a *Count Dorville*, a French nobleman, a faithful friend of GUSTAVUS, who is wandering in search of the fugitive prince; and the principal incident is the self-devotion of this adherent, who, when the Danish soldiers are in hot pursuit of GUSTAVUS, saves him from being arrested by assuming his name and being seized in his stead. *Mina*, the heroine, is the daughter of the Chancellor OXENSTERN (the same whose name is immortalized by a well-known bon-mot), who, in the fallen fortunes of his country has lived for many years in obscurity under the name of *Ritson*. *Dorville* and *Mina* are the lovers of the piece, and in that capacity sing many scenes and duets together. There is another couple: *Urie*, the buffoon of the piece, an innkeeper and magistrate, a personage at once hateful and ridiculous, who, however, is the favoured and successful lover of *Jenny*, *Mina*'s maid. Such are the *dramatis persone* who "have their exits and their entrances" through a couple of acts, to very little purpose, till the *denouement* is effected by the victory of GUSTAVUS'S party over the Danes, and the union of the two pairs of lovers. The music is pretty without any striking beauties or pretensions at originality. Mrs. WEISS introduces a song *I'm but a lovely Maiden*, which will become popular. It was sung remarkably well by HARRISON and Miss PYNE,—by the latter especially, who continues to strengthen her rapidly growing reputation by care and study. It was much applauded both during the performance and at the fall of the curtain; but it wants the element of genius requisite to a long existence.

LONDON WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—We were present at the concert on Wednesday last, and enjoyed a great treat. Foremost in attraction was ERNST, the greatest living violinist, a second PAGANINI, who on this occasion surpassed himself, and kindly responded to two encores. HERR FORMES was grand in the Knight's Song from *Les Huguenots*, but he did not understand *The Bay of Biscay*. Mr. FRODSHAM, a sort of *fac simile* of SIMMS REEVES in person, was most enthusiastically received and encoored in two ballads, which he sung in the highest

contralto we ever heard from a man's lips, and with much feeling and taste. Miss POOLE was deliciously sweet and flute-like, and the others were to be commended. The selection of music was excellent, with the one fault of there being a little too much of it. The hall was crammed. This is certainly at once the most attractive, the most pleasing, and the cheapest musical treat in London.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MADemoiselle RACHEL resumes her engagement at the Théâtre Français, Paris, and will be probably included in the list of Mr. Mitchell's engagements for the ensuing season at the St. James's Theatre.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean have been playing in Dublin, "King René's Daughter," a dramatic trifle by Colonel Phipps, in addition to their repertory of tragedy and comedy. It is stated that Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean, meditate shortly retiring from the stage.—Mr. Macready is about to visit the west of England. He has been announced to appear three nights at the Exeter Theatre, which has been leased to Mr. Davis, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Mr. Charles Horsley has been recently occupied in the composition of an Oratorio, and Mr. W. S. Bennett has been engaged on a similar work.—A grand Musical Festival is to be held in Manchester in 1850. The last one given there was in 1836; made especially memorable by the tragic death of Madame Malibran.—The head master of Westminster School has selected the *Andria* of Terence, as the play to be represented this Christmas, according to annual custom. The play nights are the 10th, 13th, and 17th.—Mr. G. H. Lewes, has been performing *Shylock* in Edinburgh, with considerable success, and it is understood that he will shortly appear upon the London boards.—The Government referees have expressed their approbation of all the arrangements made in the rebuilding of the Olympic Theatre, and the house is announced to open immediately after Christmas.—The interior of the house is in a highly ornamented style, with arabesque decorations. The ceiling is divided into four compartments, representing the four Seasons; and underneath these is a sunk panel having the corresponding signs of the Quarters. The pilasters are embellished with the crests of the proprietor, Mr. Cavell, and the ground landlord, Lord Craven. The front of the boxes consists of several panels each supporting a cameo. A large glass chandelier, weighing nearly three quarters of a ton, lights the audience part of the theatre. The external part of the house in its plainness and simplicity contrasts with the inner. A light awning substitutes the old clumsy portico; and the entrance to the boxes is by a flight of Portland-stone steps, conducting to the saloon. It fronts Wyeh Street:—the entrance to the gallery is in Newcastle Street. It is calculated that the pit will accommodate about 700 persons, and the gallery about 800. The stage will be visible from every part of the house.—Madame Georges Sand has brought out, within the last week, at the Odéon Théâtre, a little drama in three acts, called *François le Champi*.—The *débuts* of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario at St. Petersburg have been triumphantly successful, and Mdlle. Corbari has been fortunate in "Lucia."—A great sensation has recently been created in the theatrical circles by the President of the Republic having, on the report of the Minister of the Interior, decreed that in consequence of the embarrassed state of the Théâtre Français, and of the necessity of reorganizing it, M. Arsène Houssaye should be appointed *ad interim* administrator and Government commissioner, and, as such, should exercise all the administrative powers heretofore held by the committee of the *sociétaires*.—Madame Sontag and an operatic company under the auspices of Mr. Lumley, will winter at Brussels. The Lady's tour in England is understood not to have been profitable.—The Paris Court of Appeal have confirmed the decision of the Tribunal of Commerce in the case of M. Roger, the eminent singer, who had been awarded his claim on Messrs. Delafield and Webster for a month's salary at 15,000 francs.

NECROLOGY OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THIS remarkable man and original poet, was born the 17th of March, 1781, being one of eight children. His father was a clerk in the iron-works at Masborough, near Rotherham, with a salary of 70*l.* a year. Of his early life little is known: the anecdotes which friendship has gathered from his conversation represent him as uniting great poetic sensibility with much practical inaptitude. On leaving school at an early age, and discovering great deficiency in arithmetical attainment, he

was placed by his father to work in the foundry, and it is recorded that a sense of his shortcomings often caused him to weep as, coming dirty from his work, he saw the invoices or drawings of his brother Giles. Mr. Elliott commenced life as a working man; he came to Sheffield under peculiar circumstances, and some hundred and fifty pounds worse than nothing. After much exertion and endurance he was favoured by fortune, and he was wont to relate how, sitting in his chair, he for a time made his twenty pounds a day, without even seeing the goods that he sold. The corn laws spoiled all that, and made him glad to get out of the business of a bar-iron merchant with part of his earnings, the great panic of 1837 having swept away some three or four thousands at once. His first place of business was in Burgess-street; the house is pointed out at the right-hand corner as you go up. Removing hence, when business had increased, he established his warehouse in Gibraltar-street, Shalesmoor. Shortly after he built a handsome villa in the suburb of Upper Thorpe, whence he could behold Sheffield smoking at his feet. The counting-house where Ebenezer Elliott made fame as well as fortune, was strangely furnished—iron bars jostling Ajax and Achilles, for the classic poets were great favourites with our rhymers, although he could enjoy them only through the medium of a translation. Elliott has been called the Burns of the manufacturing city. His honest-natured heart saw with indignation Monopoly rob Labour of its wages, and convert plenty into famine. He attacked the bread-tax most manfully. He sent out, right and left, "songs, sarcasms, curses, and battle-cries," among the people. To his alarm "Up! bread-taxed slave," England ceased not to respond till the corn laws were extinguished. Sickness for six months visited him at intervals with increasing severity, but his habitual serenity never once forsook him; indeed, this was a period of great mental activity. On Saturday, the 1st inst., he drew his last breath at Argill-hill, near Barnsley. Of five sons, two conduct the steel business of their father, and two are clergymen of the church of England. He has also left a widow and two daughters.—*Daily News*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

WE are still anticipating novelties from the Row and the West End. But there are no promises to justify our hopes for good Christmas fare for the reading world. Announcements of new works are unusually few and trivial. In Paris there is much more of novelty. The correspondent of a contemporary states that Lamartine has produced some volumes of poetry, which enhance his reputation as a poet. The new volume of M. Thiers' work is also published, and M. Guizot's History of the English Revolution, will be ready in a few days. Ledru Rollin has announced a book on the Decay of the English Nation!

The Queen has conferred a pension of 100*l.* per annum from the Civil List, upon Mr. George Petrie, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Royal Irish Academy, who is so well known for his extensive antiquarian researches.—The Council of University College, London have received notice of two legacies—one of 500*l.* for the hospital, by Mr. Lewis Morris Cuthbert, of Lyon-terrace, Maida-hill; the other for the college, 100*l.* free of duty, by Mr. Wilkins, of Mackworth, Derbyshire.—The case of M. Libri has advanced a step: the examining magistrates having decided that there is sufficient ground to send him before the *Chambre des Mises en Accusation*, on the charge of having abstracted manuscripts from public libraries.—M. Guizot was present on Thursday at the sitting of the French Academy.—The *Moniteur* announces the appointment of M. Wallon to the Professorship of Modern History in the University of Paris, in place of M. Guizot, who retires on a pension.

The *Literary Gazette* announces the return to Paris of M. Rocher d'Hericourt from a journey in Abyssinia of long duration, bearing about a score of manuscripts in the Ethiopian language, of vast antiquity and great literary value: one manuscript is a copy of the Bible, written at the beginning of the eleventh century, which differs in some respects from the ordinary version. But M. d'Hericourt has also brought home many specimens of a plant, the root of which reduced to powder is a cure for hydrophobia, both in men and brutes. A potentate of the country instructed him in this virtue of the plant, assured him of its general and unfailing use, and showed him its efficacy by experience on dogs. A committee of the *Académie des Sciences* was appointed to test the efficacy of the specimens in this climate.—Government has de-

termined to afford effectual assistance to Mr. Richardson, the African traveller, in prosecuting his travels and researches in the great Desert of Sahara, Soudan, and the regions of Bornou and the Lake Tchad. We understand that it will be part of the duties of Mr. Richardson to endeavour to bring the chiefs and princes of the interior of Africa into relations of commerce and amity with this country. Mr. Richardson is enjoined to embrace every opportunity of impressing upon the minds of the people and princes of Africa that legitimate commerce is preferable to that of the traffic in men. Mr. Richardson will be accompanied by Drs. Barth and Overweg, Prussian savans, who are charged by Government to draw up a scientific report.

A benevolent testator named Jenkins has left the munificent sum of 10,000*l.* for the erection of a Working Man's Hall, to be built in some convenient part of the metropolis. The building is to be for the free use of working men of all denominations, under the control of twelve directors, who have been nominated. It is added that Mr. Hall, the geologist, has expressed his intention, on the completion of the building, to present to it his magnificent museum; and further, that a gentleman, whose name did not transpire, would furnish a library of one thousand volumes.—A valuable library and museum have been offered by an ardent lover of the arts to the corporation and inhabitants of Plympton, as being the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds, provided a suitable building be erected for its reception, and a curator appointed for the care of the same.—A movement has been made in a new direction at Oxford for extending the advantages of that university to classes now virtually excluded. A sum of money has been collected and placed in the hands of Mr. Justice Coleridge, Archdeacon Manning, and Archdeacon Wilberforce, to form the commencement of a fund for the foundation of a college in the University of Oxford which is intended to increase the supply of well-educated clergy for the church at home, and to render the advantage of Oxford more easily accessible to men of small means who are preparing for other liberal professions. The sum already offered by twelve persons somewhat exceeds 3,000*l.*—but it is contemplated that as much as 30,000*l.* will be requisite for the site, building, and endowment for fifty students.

"It is a curious fact," says the *Evening*, "that the discussion on the new dictionary of the Academy, on Thursday, at the sitting of the Académie Française, was on the word 'accorder.' Thus, although it is nine years since the new dictionary was taken in hand, the Academy has not yet got half through the letter 'A.'—It is believed that the vexatious system of passports between England and France will be so far modified as to remove most of the inconveniences so often, and with so much reason, complained of by English travellers.—A few days since, Mr. Henry Siviter, bookseller, Kingsland Road, purchased a lot of books at the Auction-room, Fleet Street. Amongst them was a large quarto volume. On getting them home, he began to arrange them for sale; in the large book he found some of the leaves pasted together; and on separating them, a 50*l.* and two 10*l.* Bank of England notes.—A provincial contemporary has taken the trouble to collect the opinions of several 'eminent persons' on the causes of the late visitation of cholera. Since they are all 'pundits learned in the law,' their views may be found edifying if the reader can only find a theory which will reconcile them with each other.—The Rev. Dr. McNeile" (says the *Gloucester Journal*) "thinks that the cholera is a judgment on this country for favouring Popery;"—the Rev. Mr. Toye, of Gateshead, that it is to deter people from marrying the sisters of their deceased wives; the Rev. Mr. Gutch, of Leicester, attributes it to parliamentary electors voting for Dissenters and Jews, instead of Church of England men; whilst others again attribute it to the omission of "Dei Gratia" from the new florin.

With other journals, we have received by the West India Mail, a file of the "St. George's Chronicle," a weekly newspaper published in Grenada. This journal is carefully got up, ably edited, and is, in every respect, a credit to the colonial press. We may here, *en passant*, correct an error into which Mr. Montgomery Martin has unaccountably fallen in his "History of the British Colonies," regarding the newspaper press of Canada. Mr. Martin estimates the number of journals published in that colony at between "fifty and seventy," whereas, there are at the present moment nearly 140 Canada newspapers in existence. We may add that New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, boast, in round numbers, of 50 newspapers; in the British West Indies there are

nearly 40 journals published; in Austral-asia 50; at the Cape of Good Hope and in the Mauritius, 50; in Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, and Ceylon, 20, making a grand total of more than 313 colonial newspapers. Besides these, no less than 45 journals—exclusive of native prints, are published in the Indian dependencies of Great Britain.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between November 14 and December 14, 1849.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ARCHAEOLOGY.

Ancient Coins and Medals. Illustrated: with an Historical Account of the Origin of Coined Money, &c. By H. N. Humphreys. Royal 8vo. 25s. bound.

ART.

Pugin's Floreated Ornament. Royal 4to. £3. 3s.
Manual of Perspective. New Edition, medium 8vo. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Illustrious Englishmen; Part 7. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.
Lives of the Princesses of England. By Mrs. Everett Green. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations, 21s. bound.
Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D. L.L.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. 1, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Ocean Flowers and their Teachings; with prepared Specimens, mounted. 8vo. silk, £1. 11s. 6d.; velvet, £1. 15s.; morocco, £1. 17s.
Wild Flowers and their Teachings; with prepared Specimens, mounted. 8vo. cloth, 25s.; silk, 26s.; white satin, 30s.

CLASSICS.

Selections from Ovid. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Florist for 1849. Under the Superintendence of Mr. E. Beck, of Isleworth. 8vo. 13s. 6d.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Old Story Books of England; illustrated with 12 pictures by Eminent Artists. Collected and re-edited by Ambrose Merton, Gent., F.S.A. Sq. 16mo. 7s. 6d.
Stories of the Five Divisions of the Globe. By Mrs. Baker. Crown 8vo. 1s. paper; 1s. 6d. cloth.
Stories about the Five Senses. By Mrs. Baker. Crown 8vo. 1s. paper; 1s. 6d. cloth.
A Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young Children. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. plain; 12s. coloured.
Tales of School Life. By Agnes London. Illustrated by Absohon. Royal 16mo. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.
The Wonders of Home; in Eleven Stories by Grandfather Grey. With Engravings. Royal 16mo. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.
Martin's Illustrated Atlas. Part 17, impl. 4to. 1s.
Wright's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary. Part 54, impl. 8vo. 1s.
Scripture History. Part 6, super-royal 16mo. 1s.
A New Elucidation of the Principles of Speech and Elocution; with Exercises, &c. By Alexander Melville Bell. 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.
A Plain Instructor. By Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.
Chapters on the Shorter Catechism; a Tale for the Instruction of Youth. By a Clergyman's Daughter. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.
Compendium of Ancient Geography. By the Rev. S. Doria, M.A. 12mo. 4s.

FICTION.

The Caxtons. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
The Works of William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Vol. 1 (Windsor Castle), 1s.
The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens; with a Frontispiece from a Drawing by Frank Stone. Crown 8vo. 5s.
The Last of the Barons. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. With a Frontispiece by Hablot K. Browne. Crown 8vo. 5s.
Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside. 3 vols. post 8vo.
Dream of Human Life. Part 5, demy 8vo. 1s.
The Peer's Daughter. By Lady Bulwer Lytton. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.
Rough and Smooth. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.
The Uncle's Legacy. By J. B. Torr, Esq. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.
The Gipsy. By G. P. R. James (Vol. 34 of Parloir Library). 12mo. 1s. boards; 1s. 6d. cloth.

HISTORY.

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